

# Æ S O P

In Select

## FABLES.

VIZ.

- |                  |   |                    |
|------------------|---|--------------------|
| I. At Cambridge. | { | IV. At Whitehall.  |
| II. At Bathe.    |   | V. From Cambridge. |
| III. At Epsom.   |   | VI. At Amsterdam.  |

WITH A  
DIALOGUE  
BETWEEN

Bow - Steeple DRAGON,  
And the Exchange GRASHOPER.

L O N D O N,

Printed and are to be Sold by most Bookfellers  
in London and Westminster, 1698.



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STOP

LABOR

THE  
FEDERAL  
BUREAU OF  
INVESTIGATION  
OF THE  
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

REPORT

ON



## To the Reader.

**R**iding, of late, to take a little *Are*, and crossing by some chance the Tunbridge-Road, it was my fortune to find a parcel of Papers, which were doubtless drops by some unwary Passenger, who had made more Haste than good Speed; and taking them up, I found they were the following Fables: which, I imagine, some Young Gentleman of Wit and Leisure, had diverted himself in composing, whilst he was obliged to drink the Waters. The Entertainment they gave me and my Friends, made me think of making them Publick; and considering the Nature of them, and that they were very fairly Written, it is not at all unlikely that the Author had designed them for the Press himself. There are but two little Reasons to the contrary, which may be also soon answered; First, That they are too small to make a Book; the Second, That some of the Fables are too bold, and might expose the Author to some Danger or Displeasure. As to the first Objection, Whoever would be sure of Pleasing must not be tedious; it happens but to a few great Books to be read through; and many good Authors have defeated their own purpose of instructing the World, by frightening the Reader with Three or four hundred Pages: But besides, the Nature of such a Work as this, requires that the Reader be never cloy'd, but always kept in good Humour and good Appetite, which a long

## To the Reader.

work could hardly do; and 10 or 12 Morals are enough to amuse the Mind, and keep it exercised a good while. But, after all, it may be there were many Fables more intended to follow these; and then I have nothing to say, but that these were all I found, and thought they were too many to be lost to the Publick. To the other Objection, the Author having nothing to answer; for they are publish'd, if not without his Will, yet without his Knowledge. But should it be granted that one or two Fables are a little too old and angry, yet since there is some Foundation for such sort of Murmurs and Complaints from whence can our Rulers learn these Truths more inoffensively, than from such little Stories? They will not, perhaps, attend so easily to wise and good Men as they will to Foxes and Asses; and wise and good Men will not, it may be, dare to tell those Truths these Beasts deliver, which yet our Governours should know.

I will not altogether excuse the Exaggeration of Matters in the Twelfth Fable; for tho' our Bargain be dear enough; yet I can't tell what we should have done without it; and Things, I hope will mend upon our hands, in good time.

Æ S O P

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# ÆSOP

## AT

# TUNBRIDGE.

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F A B. I.

*Fair Warning.*

**I**N *Æsop's* new-made World of Wit,  
 Where Beasts could talk, and read, and writ  
 And say and do as he saw fit:  
 A certain Fellow thought himself abus'd,  
 And represented by an *Ass*;  
 And *Æsop* to the Judge accus'd  
 That he defamed was.  
 Friend, quoth the Judge, how do you know  
 Whether you are defam'd or no?  
 How can you prove that he must mean  
 You, rather than another Man?  
 Sir, quoth the Man, it needs must be,  
 All Circumstances so agree,  
 And all the Neighbours say 'tis Me.  
 That's somewhat, quoth the Judge, indeed,  
 But let this Matter pass;  
 Since 'twas not *Æsop*, 'tis agreed,  
 But *Application* made the *Ass*.

## F A B. II.

## The Cock and Pearl.

**A** Dunghil Cock was raking in the Ground,  
 And flirtd up a Pearl;  
 I would, quoth he, thou hadst been found  
 By some great Lord or Earl.  
 My self a single Barly-corn  
 Would, surely, rather find:  
 We Creatures that are dull, Earth-born,  
 Things only *useful* mind.  
 Whilst they who are divinely Wise,  
 And do from *Love* proceed,  
 Thy lovely orient *Lustre* prize.  
 And for thy *Beauty* trade.

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## F A B. III.

## Of the Horse and Ass.

**A** Horse and Ass were journeying on their way;  
 The Horse was only harness'd, light, and gay;  
 The Ass was heavy loaden, and lagg'd behind,  
 And thus, at length, bespake his Friend.  
 Companion, take some pity on my State,  
 And ease me but of half my Weight.  
 Half will to you no burthen be,  
 And yet a mighty help to me.  
 The Horse laugh'd loud, and shook his Head,  
 And wantonly curvetting said;  
*Seignior*, we Horses never chuse  
 The Burthens that we can refuse;  
 And should such Jest upon me pass,  
 Methinks I should be but an Ass.

The



You, Mr. *Wolf*, have, doubtless, lost no *Lamb*;  
 And, *Renard*, you as surely stole that same;  
 But not from him, if Justice might prevail,  
 You should be both condemn'd to Fine and Jail.

*So two great Lords for an Estate may fight,  
 Which does to neither appertain, by Right.*

## F A B. V.

Of the *Horse* and *Man*.

**A** Fierce wild *Boar*, of monstrous size and force,  
 Did once, in early days, affront a *Horse*.  
 Who meditating Vengeance, found his Will  
 To hurt, much greater than his Power and Skill;  
 And therefore, chaf'd and resolute, he ran  
 To the next House, and thus apply'd to *Man*.  
 I come, Superiour Power, whom *Jove* hath made  
 His Substitute on Earth, to seek thy Aid,  
 Against a fordid Brute, who injures me,  
 And likewise speaks contemptibly of Thee.  
*Jove*, whom thou nam'st (said *Man*) was to thee kind,  
 And sent thee where thou shalt Assistance find.  
 But this injurious *Boar* will never meet  
 Our Arms upon the Plain, but trusts his Feet.  
 But shall his Feet then his Protection be,  
 Since Swiftneſs is the Gift of *Jove* to thee?  
 (Mark it, my Friend, this Insolence  
 Deprives us of our common Sense.)  
 This doubtless he forgot; so will no we.  
 You, for Convenience, will a while submit  
 To be directed with a Bridle and Bit;  
 And rake me on your Back, till we shall see  
 This your outrageous Enemy.  
 Up, said the *Horse* then, let us never rest,  
 Till we have found this cursed Beast.  
 Away then to the Woods they flew,

The

The Horse his Havens and Covers knew,  
And there his Foe, the dextrous Warrior slew.

This done, they jocund homewards make,

And thus the Horse the Man bespake.

Now, Sir, accept my Thanks for what is past,

I to my wonted Fields, and Friends must haste.

Hold, quoth the Man, we part not quite so soon:

Your Business is, but Mine is not yet done.

Some Service there remains, due to the Aid

I lend you, which must be repaid.

This said, he light, and ty'd him to a Rack;

Where the poor Creature, thus with Sorrow spake.

Slight was the Injury of the Boar,

And might, perhaps, have been no more:

But now I'm utterly undone,

My Ease and Liberty are gone.

*Sweet is Revenge, just in the Taste,*

*But surely Bitterness at last.*

*Let other Creatures warning take,*

*What Bargains they in Passion make.*

*Let Nations also take good care,*

*That they with many Hardships bear,*

*Rather than seek Redress abroad;*

*Which is but adding to their Load.*

## F A B. VI.

### The Bargain.

**T**WO *Welchmen* Partners in a Cow  
Resolv'd to sell her dear;

And laid their Heads together, how

To do't at *Ludlow Fair*.

It was a sultry Summers Day,

When out they drove the Beast;

And having got about half way,

They sat them down to rest.

The

The Cow, a Creature of no Breeding,  
 (The place with Grass being stor'd)  
 Fed by ; and whilst she was a feeding.  
 Let fall a mighty T—

Roger, quoth *Hugh*, I tell thee what,  
 Two Words and I have done ;  
 If thou wilt fairly Eat up *that*,  
 The Cow is all thy own.

'Tis done, quoth *Roger*, 'tis agreed,  
 And to't he went a pace ;  
 He seem'd so eager set, 'tis said,  
 That he forgot his Grace.

He labour'd with his wooden Spoon,  
 And up he slopt the Stuff ;  
 Till, by the time that half was done,  
 He felt he had enough.

He felt ; but scorning to go back,  
 Would look as if he wanted more ;  
 And seem'd to make a fresh Attack,  
 With as much Vigor as before,  
 But stopping short a while, he cry'd,  
 How fares it, Neighbour *Hugh* ?

I hope, by this, you're satisfied,  
 Who's Master of the Cow.

Ay, ay, quoth *Hugh* (the Devil choak thee.  
 For nothing else can do't,)

I'm satisfied that thou hast broke me,  
 Unless thou wilt give out.

Give out ? quoth *Roger*, that were fine ;  
 Why, what have I been doing ?

But yet I tell thee, Friend of mine,  
 I shall not seek thy Ruin.

My Heart now turns against such Gains ;  
 I know th' art piteous Poor.

Eat thou the half that still remains,  
 And 'tis as 'twas before.

God's Blessing on thy Heart, quoth *Hugh* ?  
 That Proffer none can gainlay ;

With



With that, he readily fell to,  
 And Eat his share o'th' *Tansie*.  
 Well now, quoth *Hodge*, w'are ev'n, no doubt,  
 And neither side much Winner.  
 So had we been, quoth *Hugh*, without  
 This damn'd confounded Dinner.  
*Let this, both to our Wars and Peace*  
*Be honestly apply'd ;*  
*France and th' Allies have done no less,*  
*That what these Welch-men did.*

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## F A B. VII.

## The Frogs Concern.

**T**WO fierce young Bulls within the Marshes strove,  
 For the Reward of Empire and of Love ;  
 Which should the fairest Heifer gain,  
 And wick should govern all the Plain.  
 This, when a Frog hard by perceiv'd,  
 He sigh'd, and sob'd, and sorely griev'd,  
 He hung his Head, and made great moan,  
 As though he had lost his Wife or Son.  
 At which a neighbour Frog admir'd,  
 And kindly of the Cause enquir'd ;  
 Which when he knew, he said in haste,  
 And *Gossip*, is this all at last ?  
 If this and that great Loggerheaded Bull  
 Will try the Thickness of each others Scull,  
 E'en let them do, as fit they see :  
 But what is that to You and Me ?  
 If that, replied the other, were all indeed,  
 We should about this Matter be agreed,  
 I should not care a single Groat,  
 To see them tare each others Throat ;  
 But, Friend, the Creatures of such Might,  
 Can never meet in Field to Fight,

But

But in the Fury of their full Carroer,  
 Both you and I endanger'd are;  
 And all our kindred Tribes below,  
 In hazard of their Lives must go.  
 When Bulls rush on, or when retreat for Breath,  
 They'll tread a hundred of us *little Folks* to death.  
 If Kings would fight themselves alone,  
 Their People still secure,  
 No mortal Man would part 'em sure,  
 But let them e'en fight on.  
 But when the Subjects Blood is spilt,  
 And their Estates are drain'd,  
 To justify a Princes Guilt,  
 Or have his Vanity maintain'd;  
 When they must pay for all at last,  
 That Lust, Ambition, or Revenge lay waste;  
 The poorest Man alive may fear,  
 And pray against the Miseries of War.

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## F A B. VIII.

## Of a Man and his Ass.

**A** Wretched Churl was trav'ling with his Ass,  
 Beneath two Panniers Load oppress;  
 And hearing Noise behind, cry'd to the Beast,  
 Fly, my Friend Roger, fly apace;  
 Else I'm undone, and all my Marker's naught;  
 And thou thy self will by the Rogues be caught.  
 Caught? quoth the Beast, what if I be?  
 What will it signify to me?  
 My Panniers are so full, they'll hold no more;  
 I carry Two and cannot carry Four.  
 Twixt Rogues and You, I can no difference make,  
 They are all Rogues to me, who break my Back.  
 Fly, fly from France, our Statesmen cry,  
 And Slavery's cursed Yoke;

Whilst

*Whilst with our Ancients Liberty,  
 Our very Backs are brags.  
 France is a Thief; but France can do no more,  
 Than keep the Panniers on we had before.*

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## F A B. IX.

## Of a Wolf.

**A** Wolf retiring from *Whitethall*,  
 Where he had Statesman been,  
 Built for himself a Box so small,  
 That few could be receiv'd within.  
 The Country all admir'd at this,  
 And could not at the Reason guess,  
 Why one so Wealthy and so Great,  
 Should cage himself at such a rate.  
 Till at the last a Fox came by,  
 A Courtier also, sleek and sly,  
 And thus in earnest and in jest,  
 His Reason gave amongst the rest.  
 Perhaps my Lord Commissioner intends  
 Here to receive only *his honest Friends*.

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## F A B. X.

## The Plaintiff and Defendant.

**T**WO Travellers an Oyster found,  
 Dropt from some Pannier down;  
 Each stoop'd, and took it from the Ground,  
 And claim'd it as his own.  
 Since both can't have it all, said one,  
 E'en let it parted be.  
 No, says the other, all or none,  
 But all belongs to me.

One

One Serjeant *Law*, by chance came by,  
 And he must end the Strife:  
 Which thing he did immediatly,  
 With his deciding Knife.  
 He took the Fish, and cut it up;  
 ( This Cause he opened well )  
 And fairly did the Oyster sup,  
 And gave to each a Shell.  
 And if hereafter Causes rise,  
 Where People can't agree,  
 I know, quoth he, you'll be so wise  
 To refer them still to me.  
 My Name is *Law*, my Chambers are  
 At some of the Inns of Court,  
 Or Serjeant's, or Westminster,  
 Where all for Help resort.  
 Sir, quo, the Men, trust us for that,  
 We shall not fail to tell,  
 'Twas *Law* that did the Oyster eat,  
 And left to Us the Shell.

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F A B. XI.  
Of the Pigeons.

**T**HE *Hawks* were once at mortal Jars,  
 Which came at length to Civil Wars.  
 The *Pigeons* they stood looking on,  
 And, full of Pity, made great moan;  
 To see how bloodily they fought,  
 And each the others Ruine sought.  
 And never would these Creatures cease,  
 Till they had mediated a Peace.  
 The *Hawks* did easily consent,  
 So Peace was made, and home they went,  
 Where when they came and wanted Prey,  
 And how to pass their time away;

They

They fairly made one general Swoop;  
And eat their Mediator up.

Two lucky Pigeons were not there,  
And so escap'd the Massacre.

Of which the One to th' Other said,  
How came our Kindred all so mad?  
Parting of *Hawks*! *Hawks* ever should  
Be gorg'd with one anothers Blood.]

The Wicked have a natural Rage,  
(A thirst of Violence to assuage.)

Which if not on the *Wicked* spent,  
Will fall upon the *Innocent*,

So the poor Hugonots of France.

And Vaudois full as poor.

Pray'd loudly, in their Innocence,

That God would Peace restore.

Peace was restor'd; but Peace to them

No Safety did restore;

Their *Hawks* employ'd their Power and Time

Much worse than e'er before.

And thou, O Church of England Dove,

Doat not upon thy Peace;

That may, than War, more fatal prove,

Both to thy Wealth and Ease.

## F A B. XII

### The Farmer and the Pate.

**A** Hare did once into a Garden get  
Belonging to a Farm;  
Where she began to throw up Earth, and eat,  
And do some little Harm.

The Farmer cours'd her round and round,  
But got her not away;

*Puss* took a liking to the Ground,  
And there resolv'd to stay.

Well,

Well, quoth the Fellow, in a Fret,  
 Since you are grown so bold,  
 I shall some more Assistance get,  
 And drive you from your Field.  
 And strait he sends to a young Squire,  
 That he, by break of Day,  
 Would with his Pack of Hounds, repair  
 And sport himself that way.  
 The Squire, as ask'd, attended came,  
 With Folks, and Horse, and Hounds,  
 And in pursuance of the Game,  
 Rode over all the Grounds.  
 They leapt the Ditches, broke the Hedges down,  
 And made most fearful Wail,  
 They tramp'd all the Garden round,  
 And kill'd poor Puss at last.  
 At this the Farmer tore his Hair,  
 And swore most bloodily,  
 Zounds! What confounded work is here!  
 And what a Fool am I!  
 Not fifty Hires, in fifty Days,  
 Had so much Mischief done,  
 As this good Squire (whom I must praise along  
 And thank) hath wrought in Ours.  
 If our Deliverance from the Fiegher  
 Of standing Army,  
 And silly-superstitious Rites,  
 Worth Forty Millions were;  
 Then have we wisely broke our Moulds,  
 That our Defences were,  
 Wisely call'd in our Neighbour's Hands,  
 And kill'd the desperate Hires.  
 But if, with all this vast Expence,  
 Besides a Sea of Blood  
 Spilt in the Church and States Defence,  
 Our Matters stand much as they stood,  
 Then

*Then have we done, a World of ill,  
With endless Cost and Pains,  
A little hurtful Hare to kill;  
And well deserve the Brains.*

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## F A B. XIII.

**Poetry is Cure.**

**A** Youth of pregnant Parts and Wit,  
And thirsty after Fame,  
Was musing long which way to get  
An everlasting Name.  
And having heard of Poetry,  
And its Immortal Praise;  
He thought the way to Fame must lye  
By courting of the Bays.  
He heard how many a noble Town  
Laid Claim to Homer's Birth,  
To purchase from it a Renown,  
Above the rest of th' Earth.  
This kindl'd in his generous Mind  
A strong and noble Fire:  
He seem'd for nothing else design'd,  
Could nothing else desire.  
The Father finding this intent  
All with his state agreed,  
That, living, wanted Six per Cent.  
Much more than Fame when dead:  
Resolv'd to try to cure his Mind,  
And change his vain Designs,  
And could no fitter Method find,  
Than sending him these Lines:

*Seven wealthy Towns contend for HOMER Dead,  
Through which the Living HOMER begg'd his Bread.*

W A E XII

THE BATTLE OF FOSTER

THE BATTLE OF FOSTER  
W A E XII



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Æ S O P  
A T  
BATHE.

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# To the Reader.

**A**ND why not blame as good as Tinsbridge  
 and Epistol as under of both? I know  
 the Virtues of none of our Authors but  
 yet find that none of 'em all are sufficient to  
 purge the Heads of the Jacobites: Perhaps you'll  
 say, that's no Fault of the Writer, but of the Head,  
 having no Brains to work upon. If this be the  
 Case, I can't help it: could I furnish Brains, I  
 should be to hand much made a better provision for my  
 self. And for the Jacobites want of Brains, that's  
 an advantage to the Commonwealth, considering  
 the ill the day would put into 'em: furnished with  
 their Commons, they should become as watchmen  
 of a City, and a Glass to the People. I have  
 a Copy of my Hand, which I have put in  
 able to their notice, and as a warning to  
 'em, and would they make use of it, I should have a fine  
 Title of Fame as well as you. This is a  
 liberal Court, a good Reader, that can't be  
 so easily won. For the Government  
 should be not dominantly ruled, but wisely  
 guided in a most just and Christian  
 way, as a little Devil of Two years Old, be it so.  
 we must have them be can; and if we have  
 good, we'll be extremely sorry for it. He's more  
 than the noble English Parliament, Richard  
 and Tom, I think, and their predecessors  
 never put into the most perfect State at last.

## To the Reader.

**A**ND why not Barbe at good at Tunbridge  
and Epsom as either of but? I know  
the Virtues of none of our Mineral W-  
ters; yet find that none of 'em all are sufficient to  
purge the Heads of the Jacobites; Perhaps you'll  
say, that's no fault of the Water, but of the Head,  
showing no Brains to work upon. If this be the  
case, I can't help it; could I furnish Brains, I  
should e're now have made a better provision for my  
self. And for the Jacobites want of Brains, that's  
an advantage to the Commonwealth, considering  
the ill use they would put 'em to; furnished with  
that Commodity, they would become as mischievous  
as a Monkey in a Glass Shop, or a Madman with  
a Sword in his Hand. Here they will be dan-  
gerous to their Malice, what an admirable sort of  
Work would they make? We should have a fine  
Kettle of Fish on't I'll warrant you. 'Tis a won-  
derful comfort, good Reader, that curll Cows  
have short Horns, otherwise the Government  
would be most damnablely gor'd. But really a Ja-  
cobite is a most inoffensive Creature, as harm-  
less as a little Devil of Two years Old, he'll do you  
no more hurt than he can; and if he does you any  
good, he'll be extremely sorry for't. He's very well  
read in the noble Histories, Parismus, Reynard the  
Fox, and Tom Thumb; and this qualification  
introduces him into the worshipful Club at Epsom.

or Tunbridge, where they make Plots, and such pretty Plots too as were never known, hanging being the end of some, and nothing the end of of orders; but their last Plot was the finest thing, a very high Kick, Mr. Reader, a Fable Plot, where Birds and Beasts speak as much Sense as any Jacobite of em all, and the end of this Plot was Morals. The Jacobites never yet had any Morals in the beginning, middle, nor end of their Letters; and this happening now is very extraordinary; I am afraid they are going to wind up their Bottom, and are in the same condition the Devil was in when he turn'd Monk. So much for their Fables; now, Reader go on, and thou'lt find that I write Fables too, only with this difference, mine are for the Government, theirs against it; theirs writ by a Club, mine by my self: they have had ever since Perkins and Friend were hang'd to write theirs, I only one Day. Now whether thou likest my Fables or no I can't tell, nor do I care; Fables I will write for all thee, or any body else, and so farewell.

Written at London

Printed by the Printer of the Post Office

Would make Kings Beasts, and People Slaves

The Court condemn'd his Lines to Fire

And with the Offspring would the Fire

The Poet in Prison taken

And to have his Prison

And the great growth of Wisdom

The Poet to speak the same

Said he, my Lords, I meant no harm

And all the rest not worth a rag

I took a bold look at right

And have that to say as W

A

ÆSOP

# OP

# BA THEA

## Part Warning.

**A** Certain Poet in Lampoon  
Abus'd the Fop, the Beau, Buffoon,  
All sorts of great and little Knaves,  
Would make Kings Beasts, and People Slaves,  
The Court condemn'd his Lines to Fire,  
And with the Offspring would the Sire.  
The Poet is in Limbo taken,  
And had fits to save his Bacon.  
The Judge doth rail, the Courtiers bawl,  
And quite alive is grown *Whitebalk*.  
The Poet to appease the Storm,  
Said he, my Lords, I meant no harm;  
Here's no man nam'd, no scandal mag,  
And all the rest not worth a Rag.  
Up stood a Lord, look'd mighty big,  
With Sense scarce half so long as Wig:

And by your leave good Master Poer,  
 For this wise Board's resoly'd so know it,  
 What you mean by Fools and Knaves,  
 And beastly Kings and abject Slaves?  
 My Lord, he said none in his Wits,  
 But thinks, I mean, each Knave it hits.

## F A B : II

## The Fox and the Poulter.

**A**N aged Foe that savag'd Woods and Plains,  
 Dread Foe to Cuck and Hen, and Country Swains,  
 The most Tyrannick Reynard ere was known,  
 Since Beasts bore rule, and hector'd on a Throne.  
 He neither young nor old, when hungry spar'd;  
 Alike the Lambskins and the Hen-roost far'd;  
 But Age retards at last his hasty flight,  
 He plunders not so much by day, nor stages by night;  
 Grown weak and Feeble, Who must now supply  
 His want of Strength —————  
 No kind good-natur'd Fox will bring him Food,  
 He must share the Forams of the Wood.  
 One day, as hungry Reynard sat alone,  
 His empty Guts and Fortune did bemoan;  
 Said he, I'll try what aged Craft can do,  
 New Methods find, a new Device pursue;  
 Hard by a Tarbox lay, some careless Swain  
 Had left when he kept Sheep upon the Plain.  
 Projecting Reynard with a diligent care  
 Bedawbs his Belly, Sides and Back with Tar:  
 Then to a Ditch he goes, where tother day  
 He did a Hen and all her Chickens slay;  
 Their Feathers still lay scatter'd on the Ground,  
 In which the Fox did wallow, tumble round,  
 The Feathers sticking still as he did rowl,  
 Made him resemble much a larger Fowl.

And

And thus transform'd into a new disguise,  
 Unto a neighbouring *Hennet* strait he ties:  
 And just beneath the *Roost* his station took;  
 And looking on the *Perch*, the *Fowls* thus bespoke,  
 Kind gentle *Cock* and *Hens* I am  
 No more your *Foe*:  
 What once I did, is now my shame,  
 And for the future I the same  
 No more will do.

I come not as an Enemy  
 Your Lives to take,  
 But would with you in Friendship be,  
 As you may judge if you but see  
 The Clothes upon my Back:  
 Come down, then Friends, a lasting Truce  
 Twixt you and I:  
 I'll neither *Cock* nor *Hens* abuse;  
 Let us shake hands as Lovers use,  
 Be Friends until we die.

No, quoth the *Cock*, you will as much devour  
 As e're you did, were but in your power:  
 Your vain pretence of Kindness we abhor,  
 And from our *Perch* we will not downward stir:  
 You've chang'd your *Coat*, but have not chang'd your  
 Name;  
 If that were alter'd too, your Nature is the same.

In vain do these, who heretofore  
 Our Liberties usurp'd  
 Under a wild Despotick Power,  
 And level all our Freedom  
 In vain the talk of Property  
 Or think to be belov'd by  
 Their



(24)  
 Their Actions give their Tongue the lie  
 Who can be thus deceiv'd;  
 Their vain pretence of publick Good  
 Is for sinister Ends;  
 And who the Deceit, when understood  
 Would be such Villains Friends?  
 They'd feed the Flock, only to steal the Fleece;  
 When the Fox preaches, then beware the Grose.

F A B. III.  
 The Poor Man and the Devil.

A Lab'ring Swain had been at work,  
 And all his limbs had tir'd  
 By using Shovel, and the Fork,  
 To rest at Night retir'd.

So sweet's the sleep of Country Swains,  
 Such undisturb'd Repose  
 Accompanies their daily pains,  
 That Peace about them flows.

No dismal Visions do affright,  
 No Dreams do e're approach  
 Within the Curtains of the Night  
 They sleep as sound as any Roach.

But now the Swain, in dead of night,  
 An airy Phantom saw  
 A cloven-footed hideous Spright  
 Him out of Bed did draw:

And led him to an Orchard fair,  
 Where pointing to a Tree  
 Beneath that Stock, he said, is there  
 A Fund of Gold for thee.

But how, reply'd the sleepy Swain,  
 Shall I this Treasure find,

Or



Or know that self-same Tree again,  
No mark being left behind?

Then quoth the *Devil*, 'thut near the place,  
And thus upon my word,  
To-morrow when thou view'st the *Grass*,  
Thou'lt know it by the T —

Thus did the *Swain*, when he awoke,  
And rais'd his drouzy Head,  
He found not as the *Devil* spoke,  
But found a T — in Bed.

Thus sleeping Jacks do dream and snore,  
And please their foolish mind,  
In thinking what they were before,  
And what henceforth they'll find;  
But if they would right measures take,  
And govern'd be by *Wis*;  
When once their Reason'd awake,  
They'll find their *Cause* bestain.

## F A B IV The Fox and Grapes.

1. **A** Fox espy'd a bunch of *Grapes*,  
Most beautiful in their Nature,  
He grinn'd like any Jackanapes,  
And all his Teeth did wagger;  
He striv'd to reach em, but in vain;  
He leapt and sprang as high  
As any Beast of *Remond* I strain,  
But could not reach them high.
3. He said, 'tis true, they do look fair,  
Yet sour are, I know;

So let 'em hang ev'n as they are;  
I'll march, and let 'em grow.

Thou Rebels do by Government;  
They cannot undermine  
They let the Devil, the God alone,  
Tho' not adore his Shrine.

'Tis well their hands are made fast;  
That they can reach no higher;  
Else we shou'd all be burned here,  
They'd set the World on fire.

### F A B. V The Fools Concern.

**T**WO Fools were born, and might live free,  
And struggled much for Slavery:  
One prais'd a Goal above an Estate,  
And swore no Windows like a Grate,  
One lik'd the Fashions Frenchmen use;  
But above all of Wooden Shoes;  
Envy'd the Musick of his Betters,  
Th' harmonious noise of jingling Fetters,  
Whilst they at one another grumbld,  
One on a pair of Fetters stumbld;  
Near which another pair did thine,  
Tho' not so big, nor half so fine,  
The Fools begin a new Contest,  
Not which of them shou'd have the best,  
But which the biggest Chain shou'd wear,  
A Country Fellow being near,  
Said he, the thing is quickly done,  
Join both the Fetters into one,  
And let each Man put in a Foot,  
The Devil tak'e if this don't do't.

If England still is in extremity,  
 And will not yet be sav'd,  
 Call in the French, and take King James,  
 And your compleat enslav'd.

## F A B. VI.

## The Farmer and the Badger.

**A** Badger once did ravage all the Fields  
 Belonging to a Farmer;  
 Dug up the Earth, and spoil'd all that it yields,  
 And did a wondrous harm.

The Farmer halloo'd on his Dog,  
 Thinking thereby to quell her;  
 But being bred to hunt the Hog,  
 He knew not how to kill her.

The Farmer sends for a young Squire,  
 To come with all his Hounds;  
 His and their Aid he does require,  
 To beat her from her Mounds.

The Squire came with all his Hounds,  
 The Badger did pursue;  
 He ravag'd all the Farmer's Grounds,  
 And kill'd the Badger too.

Some little mischief from he did,  
 In beating down the Corn,  
 And breaking Hedges as he did;  
 So small a loss was born.

For, says the Farmer, now my Sheep  
 May more securely graze;

My

My Poultry may the Hen keep  
I'm better than I was.

If our deliverance from our Enemies  
And Popish Tyranny,  
Ben't worth the Money has been sold,  
'Tis pity we are free,

'Tis certain wisely we have done,  
To keep the Nation safe,  
In giving peace as we have done,  
To save the better half.

F A B. VII

The Cure of Malecontents.

A Son unto his Father wrote,  
That he would him advise,  
How men might be to reason brought,  
That never were born wise.

How a tumultuous brood of Fools  
that never are content,  
Might once be polish'd into Tools  
And fit for Government:

How those who for many Years  
Have long'd for Slavery,  
At once might lose their Asses Ears,  
And cover to be free.

The Father mildly told the Son,  
In the Attempt he'd falter:  
No Cure upon them could be done,  
But by a hempen Halter.

## F A B. VIII.

## The Ravens and Crows.

**A** Lusty Horse, not long ago,  
Would snuffe, sport and kick,  
Curvet and prance, as others do,  
Was fallen wondrous sick,

'Twas far from any House or Town,  
No Doctor cou'd be got;  
So the poor Beast must die alone,  
And without burial rot.

He restless lay upon the Ground,  
And turn'd from side to side:  
His Groans the neighboring Woods resound,  
Where Birds of prey reside.

No sooner did they hear the noise,  
But from the Woods they flew,  
Whole Troops of Ravens, and the Crows,  
And round the Horse they drew.

At length a Raven of renown,  
Strutting like Prince of Crows;  
As black as any Parson's Gown  
He wears upon a Sunday:

Gets on a Mole-hill, look'd around,  
And thus bespoke the Crows:  
We're antient friends, and without ground  
We will not now be Foes.

You know, by Contract, we're to have  
The Carrion of this Place;  
And you the other side did crave,  
Such our Agreement was,

No

No, quoth the *Crow*, this very place  
To us is free as Air;

And how dare you with such a face  
Oppose such members here?

Ay, quoth the *Raven*, then we'll try  
To whom it doth belong;

But first let the poor Creature die,  
Then see who might or wrong.

Both sides *advantage* take;  
Each do's advantage take;

They march, and march, and march, and march,  
And each one where he's bent;

They view the Ground, and take the view,  
And the Approaches form;

Contrive the easiest methods how  
They may the carcass storm;

Mean time the Horse lies dangerous ill,  
Yet shires, and furs, and growls;

Good signs, they say, in Physick skill,  
And stretching of the Bones;

The Horse (tho helpless) by degrees,  
Began to gather strength;

At first he rises on his Knees,  
And on his Legs at length;

The Birds of prey were all surpris'd,  
And all away they flew;

The Barrel's thus on both sides lost,  
And all the Carrion too;

Thus some, whose neither Power nor Will  
Can satisfy, still hope for more;

That by great Princes falling out,  
 They may their Business bring about,  
 And Wonders must be done and said,  
 When once the King of Spain is dead;  
 But he, like Horse, prevents the fight,  
 And is resolv'd to live in spite.

## P A R T III

## The Parson and Whig.

**A** Jolly Whig upon the Road,  
 As People say, our Man of God;  
 A First-rate Clergyman was he,  
 And of Ballysaggan's Family;  
 At School the lath did oft endure,  
 And was dragg'd up by Dr. Chew;  
 So bravely mounted was the Parson,  
 That better Steed no Man laid Arse on:  
 Stopping the Whig, he bid him stand,  
 And give the Church the better hand:  
 Thou look'st like some dissenting Pig,  
 Good morrow, Parson, quoth the Whig.  
 Pray, why that, Sir, upon my Coat?  
 Quoth Whig, I value not a Groat.  
 Thy Coat, nor Church, nor Common-prayer,  
 Nor all Ash-wednesday Curles there:  
 Yet to the Church I can be civil,  
 But stop't by Priest, it is the Devil.  
 Quoth Parson, if thou'lt hold a Parley,  
 At yonder Town's good Juice of Barley.  
 Thy looks, I'm sure, will never fail,  
 For by thy Nose thou lov'st good Ale;  
 And there in a reformed Cup,  
 This Difference we will make up.  
 With all my heart, said Whig,  
 And so away they both did trot.

As *Parson* near the Road did look,  
 He found a Common *prayer Book*;  
 Half cry'd the *Whig* it was, and the *Whig*  
 This do's belong to me at least;  
 Half, had been thine, had it not been  
 But this is mine, *Puritan* cry'd;  
 The *Whig* insisted on his half;  
 The Book was good, and bound in *Calfe*;  
 Would Money ~~for it~~ rather than sell;  
 He'd have it melted down in *Ale*,  
 Quoth *Priest*, that is profanely spoke;  
 Nothing's ill said, but it's not all spoke;  
 I know not, Sir, but it may be  
 'Gainst Act of Uniformity;  
 Which I remember, do declare,  
 That we shoud read, *hine drink the Breviary*;  
 This Book was bought, I trust, *conscience*;  
 With *Mannys* of Unchristianity;  
 And if we sell it on this score,  
 It is but what it was before;  
 'Twill make us drink, and sing and *spare*;  
 No longer now, with difference, *long*;  
 The *Priest* and *Whig* together, *young*;  
 To *Ale-house* come, they both *light*;  
 And 'ere they enter'd went to *lute*;  
 For *Gus* o'reloaded *servants* *hudd*;  
 The way to fill's to empty *hudd*;  
 They past the *Glas* in *Bumpers* *big*;  
 And here's tye *Priest*, and here's tye *Whig*;  
 The *Hoste's* scarce could get a *lug*;  
 So fast they drank the *liquor* up;  
 She's forc'd to tap another *Tub*;  
 The *Passive Ale* did often *repute*;  
 A non-resisting Mouth did *enter*;  
 So quick it past about, that all  
 The ready *Rins* throw'd in *Ale*;  
 No Juice remain'd within the *Glas*;  
 And eke the Pot full empty was.



Now good reserve of Prayer-Book  
 From underneath the Gown was couched  
 To work again in Liquor strong  
 They Orthodoxly drink along  
 At every tiff is gulpe at once  
 A learned Collect or Response  
 Two Glasses in a hand they take on  
 Which go for first and second Lesson  
 The Ale doth in eight Channels go  
 Made Ecclesiastical  
 All's fairly done without a Trick,  
 No man is here a Schismatick  
 The drinking Orders all observe  
 And not one big from Canon swerve  
 And drinking Annals would sign  
 Tho they were more than Thirty nine  
 Now, said the Priest, the Book is gone  
 I've a good mind to pawn my Gown  
 Ay, do, said *W. big*, thy Callock too,  
 And Circingle; if that won't do  
 Rather than leave thee in the lurch,  
 I'll help thee pawn the very Church,  
 And sell the Bells, Communion Plate,  
 There is no Sacrilege in that  
 Says Hostels now the Tab's on stoop;  
 If it will afford another Cup,  
 It shall be mine, since you this day  
 Have taught me how to brew and pray.  
 Thus two good Friends were forc'd to part,  
 Like Thief from Priest in *W. big* Cart  
 'Twas want of Liquor, not of Will,  
 Or else they had been at it still  
*How much Religion is abus'd,*  
*How little Honesty is us'd,*  
*By those who do profess the same*  
*How much the Sacred Name*  
*Is every where profan'd,*  
*How deeply stain'd,*

The Parson's Gown,  
 A Friend to none,  
 But to himself alone.  
 Lord! how we heard *em* rant, and pray, and wine,  
 And preach up Monarchy of Right Divine.  
 Why did they so?  
 It was their Interest so to do.  
 When Right divine new Clergy Men did seek,  
 Seiz'd on the Church, and made the Tithe pay squeak;  
 Passive Obedience now was preach'd no more;  
 Instead of which the Churches *Common* wore,  
 Reach'd a with Complaints the Belrick shour.  
 The Northern Lion o're the Sea did pass,  
 And scar'd away the Church's Ass;  
 The Church, by whose advice he ruin'd was,  
 They'd make, and crown King, *the same* day,  
 But where their Interest was the *same* way,  
 Interest for which they'd *own* their God,  
 Their Church, their Principle: *As very odd,*  
 A King shou'd trust men will be brib'd with Gold,  
 And not be heedful when another's sold.

MOSSOM

ÆSOP

Æ S O P

T A

EPSOM.

Æ S O P

To his Excellency Charles Montague,  
 Esq; one of the Lord's Justices  
 for the Administration of pub-  
~~lic Affairs during the King's~~  
 Absence, first Lord Commissioner  
 of the Treasury, Chancellor  
 of the Exchequer, and one of  
 His Majesty's most Honourable  
 Privy Council.

A T

SIR

THESE are the Reasons of the  
 the County-Mouls, and City-  
 Mouls, why at this time seem improper  
 for a Present of Loyalty to the said Go-  
~~vernment, which for many years has been~~  
 and successful in the Preservation of our  
 not but carry its acceptance with it. That  
 Liberty which Your Excellency gave the  
 World to meet a loss of in Your most incom-  
 payable Table, and which afterwards Your  
 was so instrumental in continuing to us, is

To his Excellency *Charles Montague*,  
 Esq; one of the Lord's Justices  
 for the Administration of pub-  
 lick Affaires during the King's  
 Absence, first Lord Commis-  
 sioner of the Treasury, Chancellor  
 of the Exchequer, and one of  
 His Majesty's most Honourable  
 Privy Council.

SIR,

**T**HO' a Present of Fables to Your  
 Excellency the admirable Author of  
 the Country-Mouse, and City  
 Mouse, may at this time seem improper:  
 Yet a Present of Loyalty to the same Go-  
 vernment, which You have been so studi-  
 ous and successful in the Preservation of, can-  
 not but carry its Acceptance with it. That  
 Liberty which Your Excellency gave the  
 World so sweet a taste of in Your most incom-  
 parable Fable, and which afterwards You  
 was so instrumental in continuing to us, is

(1)  
in part the Subject of these. And as A-  
Esop at Tunbridge, by feign'd and surrepti-  
tious Fables, seems to bewail the change of  
the late Government, so AEsop at Epsom  
with real and genuine Worth at the Es-  
tablishment of the Sir John Excellency's  
great Example has such a prevailing in-  
fluence, as to make the meanest Subject soli-  
citous for the Publick Good, and to see that  
Revolution become the Subject of Satyr,  
which has given us such opportunities for Ene-  
gyrick, (and whose Royal Author has  
had such immortal Commendations from  
Your Excellency's the best of Pens) could  
not but add very much to my Resentments  
in the following Rapier. But Sir, give  
me no further interruption to a Gentleman  
whose very Leisure is employ'd for the pub-  
lick Safety, I shall not encroach upon Your  
time any further than to beg Your Acceptance  
of this poor Entertainment, which shall  
make me add to my Endeavours of approving  
myself in a more substantial way,  
Sir,  
Your Excellency's  
most Obedient Servant,

*A Fox the King of the Forest*

*the late Governor of the City of London*

**Æ S O P**

*the late Governor of the City of London*

**E P S O M**

*the late Governor of the City of London*

**Of the Fox and the Stork.**

**A** Subtil Fox, well practis'd in design,  
Invites a Stork, that He with him will dine.

A March, says Stork, Sir Reynard is agreed,  
And home he goes, and much he doth expect.

Nothing will serve, but that He *shall* be fed;  
Will soon repeat His *Prayers* for a Leg.

His Stomach was so empty, and he *was* so  
Founds! He himself should finish all the treat.

Fox smiles, and in his Cub the Dinner bring,  
Soup, and Potage, a Banquet for a King.

Fall on, my guest, said Fox, and down he pours  
The liquid Feast which He himself devours.

Dear Stork, He crys, *Slife, Chill, and Vosters Peck*,  
The Stork he stretches, and extends his neck.

But nothing can get up within his Bill,  
Whilst Reynard licks it up, and *drinks* his fill;

At length perceiving how he had been serv'd,  
 He homeward Strides, as he must have serv'd,  
 But Mindfull of the Fox his cunning Treat,  
 Sends to Invite Him to a dish of Meat.  
 The Fox not thinking Storks had had the sense  
 To mind affronts, or take the least offence,  
 Took him at word, and said Sir Stork come  
 I'll see what House you keep, and Cloze you  
 The Table Spread, and every thing complete  
 That might put Fox in mind He was to eat  
 Two Servant Storks upon the Table plac'd  
 A Narrow long-neck'd Glass which held the Feast  
 Lampreys and Bels within it might be seen  
 The Glass was so transparent and so clean  
 When Stork, Sans ceremony, *I'll begin*  
*You see your Entertainment here within*  
*I'll show the way;* and in his Beak he thrust  
 Whilst Reynard try'd in vain, and crying curs'd  
 Lord, said the Stork, are you a Beast of thought,  
 And yet no Bread, or Soup, or Porridge brought?  
 I'd e'en fetch some, and fill the Vessel up  
 You then, although You could not eat, might sup

## MORAL

The Application soon is made  
 By any that's a Reader,  
 One in his turn the Fool has play'd,  
 And whose turn's now consider  
 The Turnbridge Else first has given  
 The Town a Dish of Meat  
 And faith, to make the Talles even  
 Every should also treat



# Of the Lamb and the Wolf.

**A** Wolf as he look'd out for prey,  
And went in search of food,  
Perceiv'd a Lamb and other ways

Come foraging on the Road,  
Mutton do for'd, but did not dare  
Fasten on that he found  
Whilst Hircum with his Horns was there,  
And thus to part them try'd  
Home from this Beast for Mutton, Sir Lamb

By reason my very Soul  
To see you leave a Noble Dish,  
And walk with Goats & Hens,  
A Goat! fly on, the very worst  
Of all the Brutal Race

A stinking Animal and cur'd,  
The Woods, and Fields dispart

Hark you, said Lamb, I plainly know  
Whom you your tricks would put on,  
And what you mean by gaping so,

Poor Wolf! he never came to see  
I thank you for th' Advice you lend,

And wonder not you should  
Like me much better than my Friends,  
Since I am much better Food

## MORAL

So when the Wars broke out at home,  
And France prepar'd for fighting,  
Lord! how her Mighty Monarch curs'd  
The Dutch and us uniting!

Per Dieu, said he, the British Race  
Of Heroes once the Chief  
Joyn with a Land so cur'd of Base,  
And ask of them relief!

But

But had his Aim successful been  
And us from them removed  
We then the God of Hosts had seen  
And Pables moral provid.

Of the SUN and the WIND

**B**Etwixt the Sun and Wind  
A Quarrel like to end in blood  
If both of 'em had any rather  
It seems that this Contention  
From which was Strongest of the Two  
And down their Wagers threw  
By chance a Traveller came by  
And both with one united cry  
On him let us our Forces try

To finish the Dispute:

He that the first a Way could find  
To make him leave his Cloak behind  
Should win; it's done, said Wind.

Said Sun, content, I'll do it.  
When Boreas summon'd every Bluff  
And at him all his fury cast  
But flinging round his Cloak, he said  
And so he ended his Journey.

Sol smiles, and gathering all his Rays  
Sure of the Conquest and the Prize  
I'll make you quit your Cloak, he says

Or else, by God, I'll burn you  
Straight Passenger began to sweat,  
Enrag'd and troubled with the Heat  
And in a most confounded Pert,

As late sung of the Carrock  
Burst,

Boreas, 'said Sol, See yonder Cloud  
 The Wagers won and thou art looke  
 And up in haste the Scales be took  
 And that was all the game in't.

## MORAL

Thus blust'ring Kings like Boreas often fail;  
 Whilst others like the Conqu'ring Sun prevail;  
 Numbers may fright, and distant Powers raise;  
 But what can Numbers in improper Ways?  
 Whilst at Campaign extended Armies shine,  
 And France her intangl'd Furies join;  
 Whilst Beggars treat the Ladies with a Song,  
 And Duke de Berry learns the Spanish Tongue,  
 A Prince in Cell, who Seemingly appears  
 Thoughtless of Arms, now released from Wars,  
 Amidst his Sports, shall be Expedient find  
 To cheat the danger by their Arms design'd  
 And one poor Hunting Match, perhaps may break  
 The Measures which their fatal Encampment take.

F A B. IV  
 Of the Trumpeter.

A Trumpeter in time of War  
 Was in the Battle taken;  
 And Dead almost with very fear  
 Try'd thus to save his Bacon  
 Dear Sir, if guileless I am,  
 Or Innocence secures,  
 From you the grant of Life I make,  
 Whoe'er endangers me  
 Nor Sword, nor Musquet have I, nor any other  
 Or any other Weapon worn  
 Than what is in my hand;  
 This Trumpet never gave a wound.

Or

Or utter'd anything but empty words,  
And that too by command;  
Off with the Dog, and force the Pope,  
Said Enemy, and eye him up,

A Villain! never spare him  
Zounds! That same Instrument is worse  
Than Sword, and Gun, and every Knife  
And we're wofe cause we have him  
Since from his bluffs, the'st command  
By which so many Thousands of us bleed

MOB ALL  
So crys an Author who has threat his spleen  
What harm can silly Fables mean?

Or how can Fables take for birth  
From a few Tales, and unprovoking Mirth?

They may perhaps delight  
But rest assur'd they'll never fight  
The Devil's Port of cannot be  
Or traffic in Sedition: what of that?

When if he fail'd like O—, like S— Fought,  
Curs'd like a Man at S—s, like M— thought,

All join'd together ne'er was able  
To show the malice of one single Fable.

F A B L E  
Of the Apple and the Hogg Turd.

A N Apple falling from a Tree  
Which near a River stood,  
With Hogg Turd in his Company  
Was falling down the Flood.  
When Turd ambitious to discourse  
A thing so much above it,  
Would into Conversation force  
As down the River drove it.

Lord!

Lord! Madam, what a dangerous Situation  
Is this in which we ride?

Sister! How we Two apply for Aid  
The foul Sir-rev rence cryd

### MORAL

A Thread-bare Writer who penance

Has not one Parting paid,

To carry on the War with France,

Towards the Royal Aid,

Crys, Damn this curd confounded Peace,

It Forty Millions cost M.

And we could not procure our Ease

Till All our Wealth was lost.

### F. A. B. VI.

Of the Covetous and the Envious Man.

TWO men to give their Prayers made

For some kind Earthly Blessing

One never satisfy'd with what he had

Tho' rich beyond Expressing

Th' other was envious, nor car'd

What mischief e're befell Him

So that his Comrade was not fear'd,

And what should kill him, kill him:

Seven Year'd with their Perjuries, for

His Son Appals to 'em,

To try to give 'em both content,

And know what Service He could do 'em

Ask, said Appollo, Friends, what ere

You want th' out further trouble

And what is ask'd from either Party

T' other shall have it doubly

With that, the parsimonious Cuck

For Wealth did loudly call

Which

Which downward fell but not enough to kill  
 For his desire could kill, but not as much as will  
 Still as he ask'd, the Blackish water, which he  
 And doubled on the other, and the water  
 Tho' still his prayer was the same, and he  
 Which still enrich'd his blood,  
 Next in his turn, Sir Enoch, who  
 And with a baleful eye, and a  
 Dear Phœbus to my power, and to my  
 And looks on my eye,  
 Now oh! just now that Power divine  
 This favour let me find,  
 Put out this single eye of mine,  
 That his way back be blind:

### F A B VII Of the Beaver, and the Hunters.

**A** Beaver being close pursu'd  
 By Hunters, Horse, and Hounds;  
 And neither safe, within the Woods,  
 Nor in the open Grounds,  
 I know full well (and deep'st of side)  
 The reasons why I'm chas'd, he cry'd  
 And much lamented the Cause,  
 My Stones are what they want, and I  
 Must either part with them, or die  
 And give the Doggles Jew:  
 With that, though he was loath to part  
 With things as precious as his heart,  
 On such a quiet mind  
 Surrender up the pride of all his kind,  
 Yet life was sweet, and wearing forth some groans,  
 Off went his dear beloved Stones,

Which

Which in the Hunters way  
 The Melancholy Beast did lay  
 Call in the Hounds, the fierce Pursuit said  
 We've caught the Game, and here our Masters head  
 And taking up the Prize they went  
 All homeward with Content  
 Whilst the Enervate Beast returned  
 To graze in quiet on the plain  
 And never after this Misfortune mourn'd  
 Or fled from Hunters or from Hounds again

MORAL

If a certain great Prince had but done as this Beast,  
 And instead of each Slave given rid of each Beast,  
 He had still been King, whom his People had blest  
 But since He had rather keep in with Ned Fome  
 And likes Fryers, and Monks for his company fitter:  
 Let him now keep his Stomach, for there's none but has

[Ter.]

F A B. VIII  
 The Lion and the Fox.

A Fox, a Lion's Chaplain, when  
 The Beasts began to cry,  
 And gather round their Monarch's Den  
 For Ancient Liberty,  
 Said, may it please my Sovereign Lord,  
 Your subjects are your Slaves,  
 And if they dare to speak a word,  
 Your Throat may be their Grover.  
 With that the Monarch Wisely smil'd  
 At good Sir Crapes advice,  
 And said, go fetch your youngest Child,  
 My Stomach's something nice.  
 Sir, said the Fox, You're in the wrong;  
 I must your pardon crave,

D

Par.



Persons alone to Jove belong,  
And no Controulers have.

MORAL.

So in late times the Pulpits rung,  
With Passive Non-Resistance,  
And all the burthen of their Song  
Was Duty and Affluence:  
Life, Wealth, and every thing was due  
To Him, who ore us rul'd,  
And Whilst that Cause they would pursue,  
We'd all of 's E'en been fool'd,  
Had not their Church's Lands been thought  
Belonging to the Throne:  
And made 'em change their former note,  
And what they laid disown.

F. A. B. IX.

Of Jupiter and the Monkey.

JOVE was desirous once to know  
What Animal did bear  
The handsomest Off-spring, or could show  
A little one most fair.  
He summon'd every living thing  
Unto a certain place  
To come before him, and to bring  
A Pattern of its Race.  
Forth with each Female creature came,  
Which Air, or Sea, or Earth,  
Could for its proper Tenant claim,  
And each produc'd a Sample of its Kind.  
When as the Pow'rful God was just  
Deciding the dispute,  
Up to the Throne a Monkey thrall,  
A most deformed Brute!

And



And with her Young one in her hand  
 (Whilst All the Company smil'd)  
 Vouchsafe great Jove to understand  
 Mine is the finest Child :  
 Please you my Lige to view this face,  
 How regular and sweet !  
 How well proportion'd every grace !  
 And how exact the features meet !  
 Surely my Lord can ne'er refuse  
 My Child and Me the Bays.  
 When Jove for laughing could not chuse  
 And all of 'em went their ways.

## MORAL

So Young Elop from Bath, or Old Elop from White  
 May amuse Town, and Country with a fab'lous recital,  
 And in love with themselves think their own things  
 Whilst the Clergy, they laugh at, escape the dull Jest;  
 And all the success of each Fable and Story  
 Is to lay down their own Faults like the Monkey

before ya.

## F A B. X.

## Of the Hares and the Frogs.

A Time was fix'd when Hares should meet,  
 And for dispatch of Business fit,  
 Without the least delays,  
 To remedy their present State,  
 Or else anticipate their Fate,  
 By proper means and ways,  
 Strait every Puss the Farm forlook,  
 Which He or She for shelter took,  
 And hasten'd to the place

LINA

D

Which

Which by appointment was design'd,  
 To heal the mulchets of their Kind  
 Or make extinct their Race.  
 The S P E A K E R, chose, and Members plac'd  
 The House resolv'd it self at last  
 Into a grand Committee;  
 But what a pother, Lord! they kept?  
 One sigh'd, another trembling wept.  
 'Twould move us all to pity  
 At length a Chief of high Roon,  
 And Ranger of some mighty Down  
 First ask'd the Hou's leave,  
 And then stood up, whilst all the rest  
 With sorrows, and with grief oppress'd  
 Could nothing else but grieve  
 Brethren, said he, a wretched Race,  
 Whom Men and Dogs, and Eagles chase,  
 The Sport of the Creation,  
 In vain we're thinking to redress  
 Our Grievances, or make 'em less,  
 While in this living Station  
 Hounds will for ever be pursuing  
 And Hunters meditating ruin.  
 Whilst we must still be flying;  
 We'd better (Friends) if I might give  
 Advice, this moment cease to live.  
 Then always be a dying  
 Tho' Death is not a thing which runs  
 With constitutions of such Brutes  
 As Hares are of, 'tis certain:  
 Yet they resolv'd, with much ado,  
 To bid the Groves, and Hills adieu,  
 Tho' not 'thout tears at parting.  
 By chance there was a River near  
 The place, where these Assemblies were  
 Debating how to die,  
 Wherefore to put off all delays  
 They fix'd in that to end their days  
 The sooner, 'cause so nigh.

But, Lord ! how Puss would backward shrink,  
 When almost at the very brink,  
 And sigh she was so near !  
 Then tell her Beads, and with some Saints  
 Would help her from this damn'd restrain,  
 And ease her of her fear !  
 At last the leading Hares were come,  
 Prepar'd and ready for their Doom,  
 And at the Flood arriving,  
 A Frog or two into it skip'd,  
 Which made 'em look before they leap'd,  
 And think of longer living,  
 Hark ye (said Puss who bore the sway)  
 Fair and softly wins the Day,  
 There's no such need to die yet;  
 I'll Home again, and e'en submit  
 To what my Destiny thinks fit,  
 And keep my Form in quiet,  
 Troth Sirs, the Fate of Frogs is worse  
 Than ours, which we at present curse,  
 And are so much afraid at;  
 For we who fear most things beside  
 Are fear'd by them, and that's my Pride  
 Since these are as disdain'd at;  
 Sirs, it would be a pretty jest,  
 If since our life is not the best  
 It should be made our loathing;  
 Faith tho' I cannot be the Chief,  
 I have this comfort and relief,  
 I'm better far than nothing.

**MORAL.**

Hence let the Male contented mind  
 Instructive Lessons draw  
 Not be uneasy, when confin'd  
 Within the bounds of Law,  
 What tho' his Purse is something dream'd,  
 For Peace he ne'er desir'd.

And has in part that Prince mainrain'd  
 Who might have all requir'd ?  
 A Neighb'ring King's *best* Subjects paid  
 Thrice more than *William's* worst,  
 And without Many Laws obey'd,  
 When his with *Many* curs'd.  
 If therefore he like *Hare* should grieve  
 Since small respect we show Him,  
 Like *Hare* in Fable let him live  
 Since he has *Frogs* below him.

OLD  
 P O S T

WHITEHALL

OLD

( 14 )

And has in part that Prince maintain'd  
 Who might have all requir'd  
 A Neighbouring King's less Subject said  
 Thrice more than Mow's worth  
 And without Mow's Laws obey'd  
 When his with Mow's cur'd  
 It therefore be like that should give  
 Since man's respect we should give  
 Like those in Fable let him live  
 Since he has Fable below him

O L D  
**Æ S O P**  
 A T  
**WHITEHAL, &c.**

OLD

# The PREFACE

**I**T is now the whole, it seems, for Britain to turn Politician; and it was only given Credit to some late Authors, their House of Parliament assembled at Tunbridge and Bath. The Law who by Prescription hath been our'd for King, Nennine Contradiction, pleads it as his Privilege to summon them to his Banqueting-Hall at Whitehall; and since all the Three Estates may by a short and easy Walk arrive together at Westminster, and there consult for the Common Good. He

**P**carries a bundle of Arrows in his hand, and the Motto over them, Concordia res parva creantur, discordia maxima destruntur.

If there be no Mysteries in Christianity, it seems there are some in Policy; when Jacobites and Commonwealths men, who have mutually bruis'd one another with the staff of Eusebius, Malice and Ambition, shall now, should you think, be a Design against the present Government, as a common Center. If it be so, (which Old FESOP is very unwilling to believe,) he hath given Commission to his Poets, in the following Fables, to declare the first to be (what they always were) Knives, and the latter (which he is sure they will be soon to be accounted) Fools. If the Reflections seem too satirical, they may consider that it comes from Beasts like themselves. And so FESOP bids them, Partners, let us take Care not to divide the Prey till it is caught.

Whitehall, Sep.

Sept. 23. 1698.

THE

## The PREFACE.

**I**T is now the Mode, it seems, for Brutes to turn Politicians; and if we may give Credit to some late Authors, their Houses of Parliament assembled at Tunbridge and Bathe. The Lion who by Prescription hath been own'd for King, Nottino Contradicente, pleads it as his Privilege to summon them to his Banqueting-House at Whitehal; whence all the Three Sittes may by a short and easie Walk arrive together at Westminster, and there consult for the Common Good. He carries a bundle of Arrows in his Hand, with this Motto over them, Concordia res parvæ crescunt, discordia maxima dilabuntur.

If there be no Mysteries in Christianity, it seems there are some in Policy; when Jacobites and Commonwealths men, who have mutually branded one another with the barshest Names that Malice and Rancour could invent, should now unite in a Design against the present Government, as a common Center. If it be so, (which Old ÆSOP is very unwilling to believe,) he hath given Commission to his Beasts, in the following Fables, to declare the first to be (what they always were) Knaves, and the latter (which he is sure they will be loth to be accounted) Fools. If the Reflections seem too Satyrical, they may consider that it comes from Beasts like themselves. And so Æsop bids them Farewel, but to take Care not to divide the Prey till it is caught.

Whitehal, Sep-  
temb. 22. 1698.

THE





# OLD ÆSOP

## WHITEHAL

GIVING  
Advice to the Young ÆSOP'S

AT  
Tunbridge and Bath.

F A B I.

The Tortoise and Frogs.]

**A** Heavy Tortoise seeing Frogs  
Nimbly leap in Pools and Boggs,  
Bless'd their limber Hams, that they  
Could so bravely frisk and play;  
Curs'd the hard and heavy Pack  
That Nature laid on his own Back:  
He could neither Skip nor Dance,  
Nor caper *A-la-mode de France*.  
But as soon's he saw the Stork  
Could the Frogs from Puddle fork,

And

And that for all their nimble Heels  
 They became a Prey to *Belly*;  
 Then he quickly changed his Note,  
 And for's own Coat of Mail gave Vote;  
 Thank'd his Stars that he was free  
 From *Storks* and such-like Tyranny,  
 By being armed Cap-a-pee.

## MORAL

Did we but see through Gallick Sway  
 How feeble Subjects are a Prey  
 To th' Sovereign's arbitrary Will,  
 Who can at's Pleasure save and kill;  
 Did we feel th' Effects of a Sword and Flames,  
 Saw Virgins ravish'd, heard the Cries of Dames;  
 When Soldiers sack their Towns, destroy their Men,  
 Cut off their Children, scarce spare One in Ten;  
 Could we but see Rome's Priests converting France  
 With Arguments from Gun, Sword, Spear, and Lance;  
 And then reflect that this had been our Doom,  
 Could James the Just have paid his Vows to Rome,  
 We would not trundle at the Tax we pay  
 To keep such monstrous Tyranny away,  
 But should, that William might live ever pray.

## MORAL

## P A B. H.

Of the other Members conspiring against the  
*Belly*.

Once on a Time the Hands and Feet,  
 With Back, and Loins, and Bum did meet  
 In a rebellious Consult, where  
 The B——ch as Speaker took the Chair,  
 And with an uncouth-hollow sound  
 The following Treason did propound:

Brethern

Brethren, quoth he, you know the Head  
Makes us toil and sweat for Bread,  
Yet nothing to our Lor doth fall;  
But *idle Gut* consumes it all.  
My Friends, if you'll be rul'd by me,  
We will shake off this Tyranny.  
If Head and Belly will have Meat,  
Let them toil for't with Hands and Feet.  
Agreed, says Back, I vow and swear,  
For them I'll no more Burthens bear.  
Content, says Bum, if it be your Will,  
For I love dearly to sit still.  
Says Feet, I'll no more Errands run,  
The Loins say, Brethren, it is done.  
The Hands vow they would work no more,  
And wish they'd been as wise before.  
The Members thus in Holy League  
Did bless themselves for this Intrigue.  
But suddenly the Hands grew weak,  
The Feet grew numb, the Loins did shake,  
The Back was feeble, the Bum grew poor;  
And Breech the Chair-man loud did roar.  
*Pray cram the Gut, and we'll rebel no more.*

### MORAL.

*It's hop'd this will not be forgot  
By those who form'd the Tunbridge Plot;  
Old Aesop was a Man of Sense,  
Such Doctrines never did dispute,  
That People should resist Support,  
And pine themselves to starve the Court.*

*On a Turn the Hands and Feet  
With Back and Loins and Bum did meet  
In a Rebellion Council where  
The B—— ch a Spoken word the Chair  
With an uncouth hollow sound  
The following Treston did pronounce*

*Brethren*

## The Hermit and the Soldier.

**A** Pious Hermit seeing a Man of Blood  
Come strutting thro' his solitary Wood,  
Accosts him thus: Dear Brother, why do you  
In Human Blood and Gore your Hands imbue?  
Leave off that Trade, be Partner in my Cell,  
Read, pray, and think, and save your Soul from Hell.

The Soldier look'd stern,  
But at last did reply,  
I am willing to learn,  
And G——zds I'll comply.  
We Men of the Sword  
Are not worth a T——d,  
But are basely kept under,  
Nor have Pay, nor have Pinder,  
A plague on the Peace  
Which makes our Gain cease,  
And seeing it is so,  
With the Hermit I'll go,  
Till the Drums bear again, and the Trumpets do blow.

## MORAL.

*Just so the Jacks their desperate Cause forsake,  
And to the side o' th' Commonwealth betake,  
Since their own King has play'd the Fool, and gone,  
Ours to molest they turn up every Stone.  
The Church, the Church, is ready to take fire,  
Is all their Out-cry: Brethren, save the Quire,  
Take care o' th' Steeple, Chancel, Surplice, Crape,  
The Church of England Doy's in danger of a Rape,  
No thanks to them she did from Father Peter's Scrape:  
Yet when their Prince, and's Priests shall venture over,  
They'll swear she is no Chast nor Turtle Lover,  
But did to others her fair Breasts discover;*

( 3 ) ( 4 )

Then they will be for Common-wealth no more,  
 But screw Prerogatives high as before;  
 Huff like N—S—, crackle like B—S—.

**FA B IV.**  
**The Skin in the Lion's Skin.**

**A** Certain *W* being struck with Shame  
 Of his native Slavery, and his Name,  
 Made shift to steal a *Lion's Skin*,  
 And boldly stalk'd about therein;  
 Shook off his innate slyughish Face,  
 And did assume an awful Face,  
 As if h' had been of *Lybian Bree'd*,  
 And from the *Bastinado* freed.  
 But's curs'd Ears, and Cathedral Note,  
 To his great Grief, reveal'd the Plot;  
 For when he did attempt to roar,  
 He could not do't, but bray'd just as before.

**MORAL**

Thus Non-resistance thinks't no Sin  
 To put on a true Patriot's Skin,  
 And plead for Liberty and Law,  
 And ease Tax. But mark the Cause,  
 He would the Government disable,  
 And lose the Ship for want of Cable,  
 And by this means it comes to pass,  
 We know the old Passive Obedience Ass.

**FA B**

## The Wolf and the Lamb.

A Greedy Wolf that ravag'd Hills and Plains,  
 Devour'd the Flocks, and beggar'd all the Swains,  
 Triumph'd, and skip'd. But Plenty causing waste,  
 At length he knew not where to break his Fate;  
 But in his Range meets with a Porcupine,  
 A curious Bit to make Lycens dine;  
 His eager Chaps would fain have at the Bay;  
 But the arm'd Hedgehog held him at a Bay.  
 Hungry Lycens seeing this, cries out,  
 My little Brother, how comes this about?  
 Have you forgot the late concluded Peace,  
 That you do still your Armour wear,  
 As if there were new Cause of Fear?  
 Lay by your Darts, and let War cease.  
 You cannot think that I will break the League,  
 And Brother-Brutes surprize by false Intrigue.  
 Nay, Nay, says Hedgehog, Brother, I don't say  
 That you will me or other Brutes betray;  
 But ne'ertheless it doth appear,  
 While you have Tusks, there's Cause of Fear.  
 Let me first draw your Teeth, and soon Delay,  
 I'll throw my Quiver and my Darts away.

## MORAL

Thou crafty Jacky do plead our Cause,  
 Arm'd Troops in Time of Peace subvert our Laws;  
 Lay down your Arms and then we swear,  
 That our brave Prince will soon appear;  
 La Hogue you know is very near,  
 But since Van Trump, and bold De Ruyter,  
 With Ball and Powder made such Plunder,  
 He's as much afraid of Swords and Bunt,  
 As was his Grandfire in his Grandame's Thumb.

Disband your Troops therefore, we pray,  
 The Nation cannot bear your Pay.  
 Then come the Wolves o'er from Campaigne,  
 And eat up all the Sheep againe;  
 Then will our Prince, like Mars in warlike Guise,  
 Encamp as Houndslow to shoot Butterflies.  
 No Man can say that he will break the Law,  
 Or sit by Drinking, Armes, or any;  
 Since it is clear, as I or you Light of Sun,  
 His Army never found his Liberty.  
 Let us find Tongues our Valorous Poets disguise,  
 For he is Perfect above our Age and Time;  
 The Honour, for Peace, and Service's golden Pledge,  
 Will this great Truth be furthered in Time.

## P A R T V I

### The FOX caught in a Trap.

**A** Certain Fox being caught in Trap,  
 Did lose his Tail by the Mistake,  
 And cried Alas!  
 For his Disgrace,  
 He could not show Face,  
 Nor follow the Chase.  
 But yet, says he, tho' *Rogers de Segulle*  
 The other Brutes by cunning Trick and Wile;  
 I do not know that Foxes are exempted  
 From being fool'd too, if they're fully tempted.  
 Then let me go cry,  
 And briskly apply  
 My Wits, to deceive,  
 And make Foxes believe,  
 That the Burden of their Tail,  
 In Rain, Snow or Hail,

Is intolerably grievous,  
And in Hunting Mischievous.  
If by this Means I can but prevail,  
To have every Fox cut off his own Tail,  
Then none of 'em at me will mock, scoff or rail.  
Away Reynard goes,  
His design to propose,  
Says Fathers and Mothers,  
Dear Sisters and Brothers,  
Don't flout, jeer and mock,  
At my mangled Dock,  
You know that your Tails,  
But little avail,  
When you leap over Pales,  
To catch Sheep and Fowls,  
Then do not like Owls,  
Thus burden your Back,  
By a thing you might lack,  
How brisk and how fine  
Am I without mine.

The rest perceiving what his Motive was,  
Told him good Brother this will never pass.  
When we're hunted by Dogs,  
O'er Hills, and through Bogs,  
On our Tails we do Piss,  
And their Chops do not miss,  
And this was the cause made the Proverb prevail,  
He hath got a flap with the Fox's Tail,  
Then cease Brother Fox,  
If we mangle our Docks,  
As you do propose,  
We're expos'd to our Foes.

MORAL

Thus the curs'd Crew who have themselves misshap'd,  
And from their Reason, Sense, and Interest ran,  
Would gladly have us caught in that same Trap,  
Yll Men would fain have Brethren in mishap.



The Fox Preaching to the Sheep.

**A** Ravening Wolf the Sheep-Cotes did invade,  
And there set up his Butcher's Shambles;  
Where without trouble or Preambles,  
He kill'd whatever came to hand;  
A sturdy Mastiff by the Farmer laid  
In the same Fold, preserv'd the Sheep,  
So that in Safety they could sleep,  
And feed with quiet in their Masters Land.  
The Fox who us'd with Wolf to dier,  
And on the tender Lambs to riot;  
Perceiving this,  
Says *Monsieur Wolf*, I am not able  
To live at such an ill-spread Table.  
Were it amiss,  
That I should go and tell the Sheep,  
The Mastiff Dog that doth them keep  
Lives on their Blood;  
That he and's Master every Day,  
With joint consent divide the Prey,  
And make the Sheep their Food.  
Wolf answers, *Reynard*, that is good,  
Go tell the Sheep that they should cease  
To cloth their Master with their Fleece;  
Except he will his Dog remove,  
For such a Guard they do not love  
In time of Peace.

The Fox gets in amongst the Flock,  
And with sly Oratory thus spoke,  
Good Men of Mutton,  
What do ye with this Mastiff Dog,  
He is a mercenary Rogue  
Not worth a Button?

For

For on pretence of keeping guard,  
 Your Flesh and Bones are his Reward,  
 Get him cashier'd,  
 The Wolf and I have sworn the Peace,  
 And our Hostilities must cease,  
 Noughts to be fear'd  
 By him, his Master in disguise  
 Means o're the Flocks to Tyrannize  
 On my Salvation.  
 As I'm a true Son of the Church,  
 I would not leave you in the Urch,  
 Of such Damnation.

The bleating Herd began to grumble,  
 For Raynard's Logick, made them stumble,  
 And thus they said:  
 In Faith the Wolf and Fox we see  
 Are Enemies to Tyranny;  
 Their Council ought to be obey'd.  
 Since Ned the Wolf, and Batt the Fox,  
 Are our good Friends, than what a Pox  
 Should we be plagu'd with Curs.

We will no more but Fleeces yield,  
 Nor have our Lambs tore from the Field,  
 Let's to our ~~Zem~~ <sup>Spurs</sup> ~~Spurs~~  
 And for our Spokesman chuse a Ram,  
 Or sturdy Goat to Swear and Damn.  
 And curse Dissenters  
 Our greatest Dangers from the Whigs,  
 And cause they will not pay Tithe Pies,  
 The Wolf and Fox on them shall have Debentures.  
 Content says Fox, and that's my Hand,  
 I'll publish this in Woolfish-land;  
 Farewell dear Sheep.

The Wolf and I will guard your Cote;  
 And pull out the Dissenters Throats;  
 But unto you our promise keep,  
 The Flock by Renyard thus perswaded,  
 That Dog and Farmer them invaded;

Straight

Straight left the Flocks  
 Did thro' the Hills and Valleys stray,  
 And from their Guard did run away,  
 Left him to starve for want of pay:  
 But mark the end.  
 The Wolf and Fox, having prevail'd  
 The scatter'd Flocks straight they assail'd,  
 And did them all in pieces rend.

### MORAL

It's hop'd the Sheep of North and West,  
 Who to the Parliament make haste,  
 The Moral will reach,  
 Which is no more  
 Then the Proverb of Yore,  
 Let the Geese look to's when the Fox doth preach.

### FA B L E VII.

#### The Fable of the Sponge.

A Certain Brewer, whose Liquor of Life,  
 Did frequently amongst his Servants raise strife,  
 Resolv'd to abridge them, giving each Man his share,  
 Enough to suffice but nothing to spare:  
 But the Servants resolving they would not be stinted,  
 Put their Wits on the Rack, and this Device invented,  
 They got Gloves of Sponge which they thrust in the  
 Liquor,  
 And squeezing them often spent their Masters Stock  
 quicker:  
 Which the Brewer understanding, he seiz'd on the  
 Sponges,  
 Made his Servants repay him, and with Actions them  
 swinges:

Till he had squeez'd back his own, and taught them to  
be true,  
To leave off their lie Cheats, and be content with their  
Due.

### MORAL.

*Those that misapply the Treasure of the Nation,  
Ought thus to be squeez'd till they make reparation :  
We may Tax, and pay on, and the King still be poor.  
If the Hands of his Servants be pitch'd as before .  
It's the Interest of the Nation, our Senate understands ,  
That those who touch Cash should have clean washen hands.*

### F A B. IX.

### The Trumpeter.

**A** Trumpeter, who by his Fatal Sounds,  
Provok'd Mankind to mutual Blood and Wounds;  
Being ta'en in Field did for his Life implore :  
I sound the Charge said he, but do no more.  
The Conquerour grew enrag'd at this Defence ;  
Replies, base Villain, I'll Dispatch thee hence,  
Down to the Sygian Shades ; dost thou not know  
That he who counsels Murder, gives the blow.

### MORAL.

*The Fable hits those who in former Reigns,  
For love of Faction, or for love of Gain,  
Did teach our Monarchs a Despotick Sway,  
And damn'd the People that would not obey :  
These were the Firebrands of the Church and State,  
And did more Mischiefe than Jack Straw or Kett :  
They caus'd the War, and that brought on the Tax,  
Then let the weight of it fall on their own Backs ;  
Why should the Peoples Blood and Treasure pay  
To rescue that which Priestcraft did betray,*

The Priests advanc'd the Popeling to the Throne;  
 The Priests again did force him to be gone;  
 And now the Priests, like Thru-puts, as before,  
 Chase Jacks for Senate with Canonick Roar;  
 And Churches danger still would infer,  
 From our great King who bravely rescued her.

## F A B. X.

## The Lion and the Ass.

IT once came to pass,  
 That the Lion and the Ass,  
 Did meet in a great Consultation;  
 When the King of the Beares,  
 To the dullest of Mutes,  
 Did seriously make Application.  
 True Roger, quoth he,  
 Do but hearken to me,  
 And I swear I will lighten thy Fortune.  
 Thou art now a dull Beast,  
 But I'll make the High Priest,  
 And the rest shall no more dare thee sport on.  
 Good Sovereign say on,  
 Quoth Roger anon,  
 For I am quite weary of Slavery:  
 I swear by St. Peter  
 If you'll give me a Mitre  
 I'll serve you, be't Roguery or Knavery.  
 I thank you, says Lion,  
 Thy word I'll rely on;  
 The Service that I then command thee,  
 Is to teach that I must govern;  
 Like an Absolute Sovereign,  
 And that those will be damn'd that withstand me.  
 Agreed, says the Ass,  
 I will bring it to pass.

And have passive Obedience in fashion ;  
 They shall all be call'd Traitors,  
 And Monarchy-haters,  
 From the Pulpits and Desks of the Nation.  
 But it happen'd that the King,  
 Harp'd on another String,  
 And invaded the Rights of the Asses.  
 Then Roger turn'd tail,  
 'Gainst his Sovereign did rail,  
 In his Preachments, his Prayers and Glasses.

## MORAL

*Thus Tyrant Princes did make use of Priests,  
 Their Subjects to transform from Men to Beasts.  
 The same's well known, you need not ask me when  
 But ere from Beasts they turn to Men again,  
 The Priests must be reform'd ; such Reformation  
 Is th' only Remedy can save the Nation.*

TUNBRIDGE

ÆSOP

And have passive Obedience in submission;  
They shall all be call'd Traitors,  
And Monarchy-haters,  
From the Pulpits and Desks of the Nation  
But it happen'd that the King,  
Hard on another day,  
And invaded the Rights of the Alike,  
Then Rye rose up and call,  
Gave his Sovereign did call,  
In his Preachments, his Prayers and Glories

MORAL

That these Princes did make use of Power,  
The subject a man form from to be  
The subject a man form from to be  
The subject a man form from to be  
The subject a man form from to be  
The subject a man form from to be  
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The subject a man form from to be  
The subject a man form from to be

Return'd from

TUNBRIDGE.

1708

THE

Bar is now the part of other knowledge  
and will be used to assist the knowledge  
of the two documents in Moscow  
and from Paris and Warsaw, this  
is the document and more have been  
for and according to the other.



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# THE PREFACE.

**Æ**SOP, it seems, has been a little disturb'd of late, and it has been argu'd Pro & Con; amongst the Virtuosi, whether his Indisposition was the effect of Tunbridge Waters, or Company. He himself has absolv'd the Waters, and condemn'd the Company, which has oblig'd 'em in their own Justification to send him to Bedlam to have his own Brains set right, for endeavouring to rectifie theirs.

Since his Retirement two more have started up from Bath and Whitehal, that, like the two Demerrius's in Muscovy, need only be seen to discover the Imposture. But to avoid the Fate of their Predecessors  
of

The Preface.

of Tunbridge, they have taken Measures very different from his, and to save Edo Ty in the trouble of Purgings abrin Brains, have agreed to carry none abroad em.

Upon these comes yet another; whether with better Title than the former is a question, Reader, we leave thee to decide. Only I shall take the liberty to give thee some Hints, for the better Information of thy Judgment. First then as to his Person, who has resemblance enough to Old Asop's (and the Picture of him, at least, as Planudes, and others, have drawn it) that had be left any Legitimate Issue behind him, Ours might very well plead his Figure in evidence of his Descent from the Old Beau of Samos; and the Posture and Condition of their Intellectuals, make out the Relation betwixt him and the Bully of Tunbridge. For this confesses himself out of his Wits when he writ, and i' other, by universal Consent, mad to Write what he writ.

But let me whisper one thing in thy Ear, upon condition of secrecy, if thou wilt give me thy Word and Honour not to disclose it to any Body; I'll assure thee they were both Mad, and so much the fitter for the Task they have undertaken. For who the De—

but

## The Preface.

but a Madman would venture to write Truth  
at this time of Day? To deal frankly, the  
Old Fellow before 'em was much such another  
sort of Spark. He either had, or thought  
he had Wit, which is much at one to an Au-  
thor, and could never leave showing his  
Brainy till a parcel of Blockheads knockt  
'em out. He took his Hint from the Women  
of his Time, who did as they do now, every  
one that cou'd be convinc'd by her Glass,  
that she was no Beauty, set up for a Wit;  
and if she cou'd not please People with her  
Face, cou'd vex 'em with her Tongue, which  
was equivalent as to point of Self-satisfacti-  
on. For let either Vanity, or Malice be  
gratified, and we are well enough. But  
as I was saying, Aesop imitated the Wo-  
men in that Piece of Cunning; for 'tis  
apparent he cou'd not the Men, for they  
have n't learnt that Craft yet to Piece out  
the Defects of their Persons with a Super-  
fluity of Understanding. But every Hump-  
back's, Hard-fac'd Scare-crow is dress'd  
up in a Lac'd-Coat and a Long Wig, so  
set off it's Deformity, and make it more  
gloriously Ridiculous; and the fine empty  
Thing, that Nature made, as the Chinese  
do their Bawbles, for the Ornament of  
a Drawing-Room, is perpetually undea-

## The Preface.

vouing to squeeze it self into the Press,  
and labouring in Dull Madrigal, or  
Scurvy Lampoon, to expose it's own  
want of Wit, and it's Friends, and not  
content with the Reputation of a Fool a-  
mongst its Acquaintance, must publish it in  
Print to the World.

But what's all this, Reader, to thee  
and I, that be sure have more Wit? These  
Æsop's are Perillous Bold Fellows, and  
have Plaguy Tongues: But what of that?  
Let the Beast that is gall'd, wince; and  
let thee and I laugh to see 'em kick and  
fling like Ralpho's Ass with a Thistle an-  
der his Tail, 'tis nothing to us, that have  
(as I said before) Wit, then to come with-  
in the reach of one's Tongue, or others  
Heels: And so I take my leave of thee.

ÆSOP

# ÆSOP

Return'd from

## TUNBRIDGE.

F A B I.

Æsop sent to Bedlam.

ÆSOP berce with Wind and Spleen,  
At Tunbridge sought relief;  
In hopes that change of Air, and Scene,  
Might ease him of his Grief.

But there such Shoals of Fools he met,  
And Knaves twice dipt in Grain;  
Not the fam'd Waters they were at,  
Cou'd e're take out the Stain.

In vain a Friend among the Youth  
He sought all Tunbridge round;  
Till sneaking Solitary Truth  
He in a Corner found.

Thus met, they readily agree,  
And did strange Tales devise,  
Lab'ring to make those Coxcombs see,  
That wou'd put out their Eyes.

THE

Till netted at their just Reproof,  
 The Knaves and Fools combine;  
 And him, and his Companion both  
 To a dark Room confine;  
 Next Stage, they have none why nor how  
 For London they were bound to go  
 Where both of em together move  
 In Bedlam they be bound to go  
 In vain we strive Men's Errors to correct  
 Or point out Follies which themselves improve  
 Fools are a stubborn Race, and hard to move  
 Wisdom's the only Gift they scorn receiving  
 And he that shows his Wit to such a sort  
 Takes a fair way to be scolded out  
 Wise Men in them alone do take their Torture  
 Knaves only have the skill to manage Fools  
 Let empty Fops be proud of their display  
 For he that takes it off, deserves the Cape

## F A B L E

## The Wolf and Porcupine.

**A** Hungry Wolf, that long'd to Dine  
 Upon a well fed Porcupine,  
 Found he had need of all his Skill  
 To taste the Flesh, and scape the Quill:  
 And therefore slyly thus address'd  
 In Fawning Terms, the wary Beast  
 What is it Neighbour that you fear?  
 What Enemy? what danger's near?  
 What means this Magazine of Arms,  
 When Treaties sign'd secure from Harm?  
 When all Hostilities must cease?  
 Why such a Guard in Times of Peace?  
 Why will you now in Safety bear  
 The Burthen, and Expence of War?

(3)  
To whom the crafty Beast reply'd,  
These are not for Defence but Pride,  
For truly, Neighbour, as you say,  
They're useless at this time of Day,  
And I shou'd be of your belief,  
Cou'd I but see you draw your Teeth.

Fr—ce is the wheeling Bug, *his plain,*

That gaps for Indian Bl, *his plain,*

And we know who's the Porcupine,

But what she wants she gets,

What need of Fleets or Armies now,

That once were B—nd's Bluff,

Fr—ce is our strivings will be,

And gain'd the Spanish Coast,

Let us disarm our Men of War,

Since she hath her equip,

She'll save us what Rapines and Care,

And Carrey home our Ships.

The Preparations to Campaign,

And Brest, secure our Ports,

They'll spare us Fifty Thousand Men,

To Garrison our Forts.

### F A B. III.

#### The Fox and Grapes.

**U**PON a lusty Bunch of Grapes,  
A liquorish Fox had fixt his Eyes,  
Who licking of his waiting Chaps,  
A thousand Tricks to reach it tries,  
But all his Wiles in vain assay'd,  
Out of all hopes of getting nigh,  
What Fool for Unripe Truth, he said,  
Would risque his Neck to climb so high?  
That charming Fruit, (I dare alledge)  
That looks so tempting and so fair,

Will set some Coxcomb's Teeth on edge,  
 Or draw some Fool into a Snare,  
 Ambitious Men that must their Aim,  
 At least affect to be thought Wise,  
 And court the Popular Esteem,  
 By seeming honours to dispute,  
 Those whom the Mob & their Patriots call,  
 Factions and Jealousies foment,  
 Masking with Common Good, their Gall,  
 And Publick Zeal their Discontent,  
 To busie Courts at first they wrong,  
 Till next, and longer to prevail,  
 Or share in doing of the Wrong,  
 In Senates th'at Corruption rail,  
 Courtier or Patriot by turns,  
 The Hypocrite our Patience tries,  
 Disgrac'd, our Grievances he mourns,  
 Or laughs in place at Jealousies.

## F A B. IV.

## The Priest and Pears.

**A** Wanton Sloven of a Priest,  
 Invited to a Bridal Feast,  
 Under a Hedge upon the Ground,  
 A Hoard of Mellow Pears had found,  
 These were, quoth he, to hungry Sinner,  
 That had no hopes of Wedding Dinner,  
 Brave tempting Marsels, a rich Prize,  
 Which at this juncture I dispise,  
 Now to more Rarities engag'd,  
 Than e're in Noah's Ark were cag'd;  
 Fish, Fowl, Fruit, Sweet meats to excite,  
 And rouse a Founder'd Appetite,  
 Therefore sweet Pears this time adieu,  
 My Stomach will not stoop to you.

Yet



Yet e're we part we'll have a Jest,  
 Then scornfully he on 'em Pift,  
 And cry'd, whoe're these Pears shall eat,  
 He shall have Sauce as well as Meat.  
 This done, impatient of delay,  
 He jocundly persu'd his Way,  
 Most happy in Imagination,  
 Chewing the Cud of Expectation.  
 Till to a Brook approaching nigh,  
 By Rains late fallen swell'd so high,  
 That 'twas impossible to pass;  
 His rumbling Stomach call'd him As.  
 And bid him Ford, or Swim the Flood,  
 And make his vapring Promise good,  
 Or, spight of all his Scoffs and Jeers,  
 He, Sauce and all, should eat the Pears.

The Priest, who Belly dearly lov'd,  
 At this Reproach was strangely mov'd;  
 Yet his unhappy case was such,  
 He hated Danger full as much.  
 At Disappointment sore dejected,  
 He sadly on the Pears reflected:  
 He was by Word and Honour bound  
 To stand to't, and maintain his ground.  
 And now the Pears so lovely grew,  
 That Water from both ends they drew.  
 He therefore all his cunning Bent,  
 To find out some Expedient,  
 To prove himself this once mistaken,  
 And save his Credit and his Bacon.  
 Inward he turn'd his sullen Looks,  
 And romaging o're all his Books,  
 He met an ancient Convocation,  
 That furnish'd him with an Evasion.  
 Quoth he, they could not be my due,  
 Nor might I seize 'em till I knew,  
 And Providence had time to prove,  
 This heap of Pears was *Treasure*.

But now I plainly understand,  
 They truly are a *Dreadnought*  
 And he that Abdicates em here,  
 Has lost all Tide to one Fear.  
 And I should be a Fool no doubt,  
 Shou'd I stand any longer out.  
 As for the Stain I cast on these,  
 My self can wipe it off with ease.

F A B

The Ass and Spaniel

**A** Weary *Ass* under his Pack,  
 Stood ry'd up to an empty Rack,  
 And spy'd a *Spaniel* brisk, and gay,  
 As in his Master's lap he lay,  
 That frisk'd about, and had the grace  
 To climb his Shoulders, lick his Face,  
 was always plentifully fed,  
 And from his hand, receiv'd his Bread.  
 Hard difference betwixt, quoth he,  
 That happy, idle *Cur*, and Me,  
 He daily is with Dainties serv'd,  
 While I, that drudge for all, am starv'd.  
 But since he thrives so well by Play,  
 Ile try my Fortune the same way.  
 Thus having form'd his Resolution,  
 He waits a time for Execution,  
 Which found, erecting Tail, and Ears,  
 On Hinder-Fet himself he rears,  
 His Fore-Fet on his Master lays,  
 And with his Tongue besmears his Face,  
 The *Man*, who guess'd not his intent,  
 Nor dreamt of such a Compliment,  
 Surpriz'd, and vex'd, and half afraid,  
 To Servants calls aloud for aid,

To

To help him to correct th' Offence,  
 And sore chastise this Insolence,  
 And since *Ass* was so rampant grown  
 He bids 'em take his Commons down;  
 And henceforth bare Substance pay  
 Of half Allowance e're day.

The *Ass* thus mortify'd, and sore,  
 Vext for his Bones, but Belly more,  
 Cry'd, What a stupid Sot am I,  
 My Talent thus to misapply?  
 Who only for a Drudge am fit,  
 And yet must set up for a Wit.  
 Art may refine, and finish Nature's Fool,  
 But no Buffoon succeeds, that goes by Rule.  
 For Fooling prestily's a Gift of Nature's,  
 That sits but awkwardly on Imitators.  
 The lively, airy Marmouset, as soon  
 May be out-frolickt by the grave Baboon,  
 As Nature by dull Mimicks of the Town,  
 If Squirrel D--y frisk on his Beholders,  
 Must the *Ass* Gild--n ramp upon their Shoulders,  
 If Congreve flatter'd M--nt--gue before,  
 Must be by Gild--n too be flatter'd o're.  
 No wonder Sots, when we this Clod carese,  
 Presume to claim the Dues of neat Address,  
 Such Poets shou'd at Westminster untruss,  
 And there receive the meed of Charilus.  
 Yet I cou'd spare the Sot, whoe 'e requires,  
 Cou'd he like him produce but seven good Lines,  
 But he expects Rewards, to blaze our Shame,  
 For daring to buffoon a mighty Name.  
 Let others judge, if he deserves the Rod,  
 Who treats his Patron worse even than his God,  
 What other Names will this vile Wretch blaspheme?  
 For 'tis a Libel to be prais'd by him.  
 But he now feels the Fate he does deserve,  
 And knows already what it is to starve.

Henceforth, ye Great, under your Reputations,  
 Your Honours suffer by such Dedications  
 With Justice we may pay for Kneller's band,  
 But who at Charges would on Sign-posts stand?  
 If then the Author's dull for such degrees,  
 How stupid must the *Soc* that pays him be?

## F A B. VI.

## The Grasshopper and the Ant.

**A** Grasshopper once thus accosted an *Ant*,  
 You know, Sir, what we Men of Quality want,  
 'Tis the Favor to lend me some Grains of your Store,  
 For, Faith, at this minute, I am very poor.

This Summer's Expences have drawn me so low,  
 I can scarce in the Park make my Figure, I vow.

This comes on't, reply'd the frugal grave *Citt*,  
 When Extravagance only's the measure of Wit.  
 Had your Parents but bred you to Business, your Parts  
 Might have got an Estate, now you have your Deserts.

Says the Grasshopper, what wou'd you have me to do,  
 I'm not made for Work, besides I'm a *Beast*;  
 I Sing, and I Dance, and all the fine Weather,  
 I'm at *Epsom* or *Tunbridge*, or *Bath*, chuse you whether  
 Ask all the *Beau Monde*, and the *Ladies* if e're  
 They had Musick, or Ball, if I was not there,  
 E'ry Evening I my Compliment made  
 And treated with many a fine Serenade.

'Tis pity the *Ladies*, quoth *Ant*, not to rally,  
 Don't commiserate one, Sir, of your *belles taille*,  
 Your Youth, nor Estate neither of em can carry,  
 Look Sharp, Sir, about for a *Fortune*, and Marry,  
 For Trading's so dead, and our Taxes so hard,  
 Not a Farthing can out of our Business be spar'd  
 But comfort! The *Kings*, or *King's Bench*, if you ask it,  
 Will find you a Lodging, and Meat from the Basket.

M O.

783  
MORAL

Fops that would starve for want of Sense,  
Petticoat Refugees,  
Ought much to thank that Providence,  
Which made 'em Women please:  
Swarms that had Rotted in Jays.  
Yet want Sense to pay

Thanks to that Smock that was their Bail,  
But throw 'e like a Rag away.

Yet lucky thousands it is counted  
To spread like Butterflies

That like Bees Atkinson will live,  
Or like Bees Norwood die.

F A B VII.

The As and Jupiter.

**A** Gard'ner had a lazy As  
That hated a hard working place,  
And offer'd his Petition

To Jove, with many a Sigh, and Groan,  
Which mov'd him by continu'd moan  
To pity his Condition,

Jove, when his unjust pray'r had heard,  
Next to a Porter him prefer'd;  
At which in Contemnation

The As once more in doleful Dumps  
Falling again upon his Strumps,  
Renews his Supplication

Grants me my Suit once more, Great Jove  
Says he, I'll ask no third remove  
From any third Disaster

What e're you order, I'll consent  
To undergo the Punishment  
Of any other Master

( 6 to )

Oh! cou'd You but this Grace afford!  
 The God straight tack him at his word,  
 And plac'd him with a *Tan*  
 The *Ass*'s grown wife, when 'twas too late,  
 Bewails his Folly, and his Fate,  
 In lamentable manner,  
 What with the *Gard'ner* did I lack,  
 My Belly-full, at ease my Back?  
 The *Potter* gave me quarter,  
 But this third Service, I am in,  
 Will strip me of my very Skin,  
 And make me Folly's Martyr.  
*A murmuring Mind is ne'r content,  
 With any sort of Government;  
 And Princes strive in vain to please,  
 'Such restless Sp'rits as these increase,  
 When Taxes make a Malecontent,  
 Whom Wealth, and Power, make Insolent,  
 What Measures must a Ruler take,  
 To spare his Back, and save his Neck?  
 In vain they kick at Slavery,  
 Who grudge the charge of being free.*

## F A B. VIII. The Owl and Bat.

**A** Fierce dispute 'twixt Birds of Night  
 Arose about their Gifts, and Light.  
 The Owl and Bat aloud contended,  
 Which was by Nature best befriended,  
 Wrangling with clamorous Contest  
 Which saw the clearest, and the best;  
 Till from high Words, and angry Speeches,  
 They came to Personal Reproaches.  
 Quoth *Madge*, insulting o're the *Bat*,  
 What wou'd this *Flitter-Mouse* be at?

Thou

Thou Mungrel Vermin art an Owl  
And but half Bird thy self canst call

The Bat reply'd with indignation  
Make to your self the Appl'ation  
You're some Beast's Bastard it appears  
As I'll demonstrate by your ears  
But what is this to our Dispute  
If I am Vermin, you're a brute

Then let's agree, the Owl reply'd  
And by the Sun our Cause be try'd  
A Nightingale that hard by stands  
Thus undertook to Arbitrate  
How shall the Sun decide your Cause  
When neither can endure his Face  
You've said enough of Bats and Owls  
To prove both purblind Knaves and Fools  
The Bats, and Owls, of Pinner's Hall

This Fable may apply  
These Night-Birds representing all  
The Pastors, and their Fry

If any won'd know, whom they suit  
Their Contraversies read;  
And see how oft the Sicks are split,  
To break each other's Head

Nor venture into Light  
For He that does barefaced appear,  
Will show a Hypocrite

While they against each other fight  
They the whole World convince  
And plainly shew their want of all  
Of Faith, as well as Sense

A

Thou

## F A B I X

## Sharpers and Cullies

**T**wo Sharpers once to Gaming fell,  
 In a large Company;  
 And manag'd their Intrigue so well,  
 They drew in Standers by.  
 They wrangl'd, quarrel'd, and call'd names,  
 And play'd with so much heat;  
 That no one jealous of his Fame,  
 Suspected 'twas a Cheat,  
 But when the Gallies numerous grew,  
 And store of Cullies came,  
 Each from the other took his cue,  
 To manage right his Game.  
 A long time doubtful was the Scale,  
 The odds uncertain were;  
 For they do all by turns prevail,  
 And none great losers are.  
 Till e'ry one at length was dipp'd,  
 And mighty sums were laid;  
 The wink, one of the Jugglers tip'd,  
 And so the Cheat betray'd,  
 But this discovery came too late,  
 For now the Game was won;  
 An empty Pocket was their Fate,  
 And all the Fools undone.  
 Ex-Bank, and the Exchange,  
 East-Indians, Old and New,  
 And all the World this very Game,  
 Too busily pursue  
 Notes, Bills and Stock, and Actions fall,  
 Or without Reason rise;  
 Just as the Jugglers at Wh—hal,  
 Or M—cer's Chappel please.



The great One's have Sham fallings out,  
 To draw the Lesser in;  
 But the true Quarrel is, not who,  
 But how much each shall win.  
 And when the small One's give their Voice,  
 Who shall be most Empow'r'd;  
 They have but Liberty of Choice,  
 By whom they'l be devour'd.

F A B X  
 The Wolf and Dog.

A Half famish'd Wolf met a jolly fat Dog,  
 That was let out for Air, and free'd from th' Clog.  
 Quoth *Isgrim*, Friend *Towzer*, thou hast what I lack,  
 How com'st thou by all this good Flesh on thy back?  
 Says *Towzer*, I lodge, and am fed at *Wh-hal*,  
 I live like a Prince, and do nothing but bawl.  
 You live like a Felon, by paltry Sheep-stealing,  
 But if you'l be rul'd, and use double dealing,  
 I'll help you to mighty Preferment at *C-r*,  
 And you shall pay nothing but Flattery for it.  
 Quoth *Isgrim*, I like the Conditions so well,  
 I long till I'm there, for I soon shou'd excel;  
 I can cringe like a *Beau*, and humour *My Lord*,  
 And praise e'ry foppish Nonsensical word.  
 'Tis enough, says the *Cur*, so onward they jogg'd.  
 Till *Towzer*, who often was collar'd and clogg'd,  
 Like a *Cur* of good Manners in bowing betray'd  
 The Ring on his Neck, which the Collar had made.  
 Says the crafty fly *Wolf*, in that Circle some Spell  
 I suppose is contain'd, by which you live well.  
 'Tis only, says *Towzer*, ne'r mind it I pray,  
 Some loose hair my Collar has fretted away.  
 Says *Isgrim*, I owe you, Sir, thanks for this grace,  
 But if there's a Collar, that alters the case.

I'll purchase my Place by no such submission,  
 But forrage the Woods, and rise alter Conditions,  
 The Wealth, and the Pow'r of great Places, I prize  
 Who wou'd shun the Fatigue, they're encumber'd withal.  
 They wou'd have the Profit without the Attendance,  
 And shift of the burthen of slavish dependance.  
 But here they may see by the Wolf, and the Dog,  
 They that will have the Fav, must submit to the Clog.

F A B. XI

False Piety.

**A** Sick Man lay at point of Death,  
 Just ready to resign his Breath.

Hard by the Bed his tender Wife  
 Stood, weeping, with Outrageous Grief;  
 Waiting the Moment that should fix,  
 And make her his Executrix.  
 She wrung her Hands, and tore her Hair,  
 And put up many a fervent Prayer.

Will Cruel Death, the raving cry'd,

No other Way be satisfi'd?

Ob! will ye on no Terms relent?

Will he take no Equivalents?

So far below thou Life I prize,

I'll be thy willing Sacrifice.

Remorseless Death, attend my Call,

Who thy devoted Victim fall.

All this, Death was at hand, and heard;  
 Obey'd the Summons, and appear'd.  
 The Wife, who thought of nothing less,  
 Confounded at his Readiness.  
 Surpriz'd, amaz'd, and Terrify'd,  
 Straight snatch'd the Candle up, and cry'd;  
 Pray, let me light you, Sir; I know  
 Your Errand, and will wait on you.

My

*My Husband's Time, alas! is come,  
And he lies ready in the Room:  
His Debtors too have done you Wrong,  
To keep him from you, here, thus long.*

## MORAL

*Where Int'rest rules, and Profit lies at Stake,  
All sorts of People large Professions make.  
But, as in Trade, when Men on Credit buy,  
The Wise suspect their Pay that bid too high:  
So in all Obligations that include  
More than a Favour's worth in Gratitude,  
False we conclude, or, if the Terms they make;  
And only upon Force their Words we take.  
So have we known, at many ages since,  
By Sham-Caresses, the deluded Prince  
Indulge his Foes; and Altho' Measures yield,  
We did his Ruin in his Favour build.  
We know, when Words were wanting to express  
The Timpany of Zeal in each Address,  
The Trifles Blood and Treasure, so a Drop,  
Devoted were, and daily offer'd up.  
The croud'd Gazettes did but proclaim  
The hollow Promises, that throng'd the same.  
But when his Wants their real Aid requir'd,  
And he their boasted Services desir'd,  
Th' Ungrateful Vipers lusty grow'd, and strong,  
The Bosom, in Return, that warm'd 'em, stung.  
Happy was he that first could fly away,  
And him, they promis'd to support, betray.*

## F A B. XII.

## The Wolf turn'd Preacher.

**A** Wolf, whom Health and Strength had left,  
Was fallen into Want;  
Unable to subsist on Theft,  
Resolv'd to be a Saint.

In a short Cloak, and little Band,

The New-converted Preacher,

By Means of Formal Tone, and Cant,

Was grown a famous Teacher.

Shoals of the Mob he daily caught,

With Sin-confounding Texts, Sirs:

No precious, painful Brother taught

More Edifying Lectures.

At length a Rake-Hell of the Wood,

That had sound our his Haunt,

Cry'd, Thou wilt make, Old Ne'er be Good,

The Devil of a Saint.

Come, lay the Masquerade aside,

And let your Comrade know

What Roguery you bide,

That's worth Transforming so.

Oh! quoth the Old Apostate Wolf,

Thy lewd Dissipation

Is scarce yet sanctifi'd enough,

These precious Truths to hear!

Like you I rang'd at large; and none

More rampant was, while young

But now my Teeth and heels are gone,

I Forage with my Tongue.

I wheedle, flatter, cant, and pray

Dessemble, fawn, and debase

The sly Rout think all I say

Meer Gospel-Verity.

To me all trust ; both Young, and Old ;  
 Smooth Kids, and tender Lambs :  
 I have the Culling of the Fold,  
 And milking of the Dams,  
 You may perchance a Lamb surprize ;  
 But if you should be seen,  
 The parist, with their Curs, would rise,  
 And strip you of your Skin.

## MORAL

Let empty Fops of Play-house Conquest vaunt,  
 And toast the Lass that did the Pavee grant ;  
 Beau's may be vain, and frigid Intrigues recite ;  
 But the true Letcher, is, the Hypocrite.  
 And B-g-ss, in his Trib, debauches more  
 Than ever Meggs did on that Spot before.  
 The godly have the Gifts, the Wicked want ;  
 For Scandal only's sinful in a Saint.  
 Thy Maids their brawny Pastors ; Silence trust ;  
 And make them Heroes in Records of Lust.  
 For this Moor-Peilds and Tunbridge must be priz'd ;  
 But Cr-o, B-ll and Wallis Canoniz'd.

## F A B. XIII.

## The Satyr and the Traveller.

TO his poor Cell a Satyr led  
 A Traveller, with Cold half dead ;  
 And with great Kindness treated :  
 A Fire, Nose-high, he made him straight ;  
 Show'd him his Elbow-Chair of State,  
 And near the Chimney seated.

## II

His tingling Hands the Stranger blows;  
 At which the Satyr wond'ring, rose,  
 And humbly ask'd the Reason.

Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no Harm;  
 I only do't, my Hands to warm,  
 In this Cold, Frosty Season.

## III

The Satyr gave him, from the Pot,  
 A mess of Horrid piping-hot:  
 The Man blow'd o'er his Garwel  
 What's that for, Friend? the Satyr cry'd.  
 To cool my Broth, his Guest reply'd:  
 And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.

## IV

How I quoth his Host; There's a Jest  
 And can you Contradictions blow?  
 Turn out, and leave my Cottage.  
 This honest Mansion ne'er shall hold  
 Such Rascals as blow Hot and Cold:  
 The De'il must find you Postage.

## MORAL

The C—'s desir'd, that in their next Choice,  
 They'd be pleas'd, from this Fable, to take good Advice:  
 For a man that two Churches at once has in view,  
 Shams both in their turns, and to neither is true.

III

**Æ S O P**

**A T**

**AMSTERDAM.**

IV

MORAL

ABOY

# Epistle Dedicatory

TO

OLD ESOP at Whitchal, &c.

FATHER,

**W**HILE THE Devil hath been all  
this while, I have now and then the  
little I have written, I have now and then the  
little I have written, I have now and then the

Delphos, and to arise again at Whitchal, I have  
now and then the little I have written, I have now and then the

of Translation, and that you have been all  
the while, I have now and then the little I have written, I have now and then the

Body of a Country, Good Day, I have now and then the  
little I have written, I have now and then the little I have written, I have now and then the

near me, you have been all the while, I have now and then the  
little I have written, I have now and then the little I have written, I have now and then the

almost sufficient. You have been all the while, I have now and then the  
little I have written, I have now and then the little I have written, I have now and then the

off in your Country; you have been all the while, I have now and then the  
little I have written, I have now and then the little I have written, I have now and then the

and Cash-masters; you have been all the while, I have now and then the  
little I have written, I have now and then the little I have written, I have now and then the

figure in the Father. What Country you have  
been in I can't tell, but by your own Father I find

you have been all the while, I have now and then the little I have written, I have now and then the  
little I have written, I have now and then the little I have written, I have now and then the

and are worthy in love with it, as are my Town  
and are worthy in love with it, as are my Town

and are worthy in love with it, as are my Town  
and are worthy in love with it, as are my Town

and are worthy in love with it, as are my Town  
and are worthy in love with it, as are my Town



# Epistle Dedicatory,

T O

Old ÆSOP at Whitehal, &c.

FATHER,

**W**HERE the Devil have you been all this while? It is now ever since the fifty fourth Olympiad you dy'd at Delphos, and to arise again at Whitehal is very remarkable. I am now apt to believe the Doctrine of Transmigration, and that your Soul having past the Habitations of the Bodies of the Horse, the Ass, and other Beasts, you'r now informing the Body of a Courtier. Good Dad! don't come too near me, you stink most damnable of Sulphur, I'm almost suffocated. You have been lamentably paid off in t'other Country; your Clothes are horridly bedawb'd with liquid Bitumen, Links, Flambeaux and Card-matches; you make a very indifferent Figure indeed Father. What Country you have been in I can't tell, but by your new Fables I find you have liv'd under a Monarchical Government, and are mightily in love with it, as are my Two elder Brothers of Tunbridge and Bathe; but your youngest Son, my Right Worshipful self, begs your Pardon if he don't jump with you and the rest of his Brethren in their Notions of Government. You can't

G 2

tell,

tell, Father, what a lamentable spot of work you have made with the Fables you wrote the first time you liv'd; the sower Pedagogues have made the blind (books of many) a Boy as true as a piece of Beef, because they could not understand 'em; nay I have been persecuted my self upon the same account.

Beside, Sir, your Fables have been the foundation of abundance of Lies: your Book serves as food of a Chameleon to the Mythologists of all Ages; you stand in competition even with the Devil himself, which shall be the reputed Father of Liars. And one would think after you had slept so many Years, your Conversation with your Pillow might have afforded you better Thoughts.

Father, you and I should fall out after so long absence; but you ought to allow us that live upon the surface of the Terrestrial Globe, to see farther than you, who have been so many Years embowell'd in the caverns of the Earth.

I would advise you to return home again, unless you had brought better Notions with you from some other Country; for those people with your Notions live in the infernal State of Aard. Now being in this place, Father, and breathing in a free Air, I can talk of nothing but Freedom, Liberty and Property, I beg you to consider I am in a common Affair, and out of your reach.

The Good old Cause informs the Moderns. Bright Days through their Eyes, is by their main export. Such, such the ancient Race of Heroes. Who did their Rights before their Lives past. We are in the land of the dead. Don't know, said he, how drown'd in native Blood. My Country lies; how the wild Boars invade. The Land, and delays have my Country laid.

sell, Father, what a lamentable sort of work you  
have made with the Father you were the first time  
you lived; the former Pedagogue had made the  
bird, a book of many, a lot of work, a lot of

Best, because they could not make a book, a lot of  
I have been persecuted my self upon the same ac-

**A S O P**

you find in competition even with the Doctor him-  
self, which shall be the Answer, Father of Lovers

And one would think after you had been so many  
Years, you should have been a little more acquainted

**AMSTERDAM**

that you should have been a little more acquainted  
of the Town, which is a little more acquainted

**The Summons.**

And you should have been a little more acquainted  
of the Town, which is a little more acquainted

**T**HE mighty Power, not long since rul'd the Stage,  
Beneath a lonesome Furzball purring far;

Stroak'd her long Smellers, and rejoic'd to see  
Her awful Picture in her Progeny;

Mean while her Killings dance before her face,  
And roll, like trembling Mice, the Ruots of Grass

Not one amongst 'em durst a Claw doer wear,  
Fit a Monarchic Tyrant Rat to tear.

The Good old Cause inform'd the Mother's Breast,  
Darts through their Eyes, is by their main express.

Such, such the antient Race of Heroes were,  
Who did their Rights before their Lives prefer.

She calls one to her, of the eldest brood;  
Dost know, said she, how drown'd in native Blood

My Country lies? how the wild Boars invade  
The Land, and desert have my Country laid?

'Tis true, I once did ease 'em of their Pain;  
 But they, like Fools, embrac'd again the Chain;  
 Wear those dull Fetters I so kindly broke,  
 And halt, like Slaves, beneath the servile Yoke.  
 Once more I'll try, if my Advice may prove  
 Successful, once exert my antient Love;  
 Summon the Slaves to meet at *Whitehal Gate*,  
 Beneath the Scaffold where I whilom sat,  
 And punish Tyranny, the worst of Crimes;  
 A just example unto future Times.  
 Young *Puff* the Message takes, and bids fair warning  
 To all the Slaves, to appear the next Morning.

F A B II

The Interim

**T**HE Morning come, the Slaves awar,  
 And flock like Bees 'bout *Whitehal Gate*,  
 Some yoked, like Country Hogs appear;  
 Others confounded Fetters wear,  
 And some most horrid Burdens bear.  
 Thus loaded, thus enslav'd, oppress'd,  
 Nature, 'tis strange, don't call for rest:  
 The legs are gall'd, and shouldiers sore,  
 The bulky Slaves still crave for more:  
 And not an Idiot of the Town  
 Has sense to lay his Burden down.

Strait *Puff* in majesty appears,  
 Mounting the Scaffold, pricks her Ears,  
 Shakes her Majestick Head, aloud  
 She thus bespoke the num'rous Crowd.  
 'I have deserv'd long the famous Town,  
 Mourning my Country's Ruin, and my own  
 Expos'd to Tyranny, whilst Beasts of prey  
 Ravage my Fields, and steal my Lambs away.

My Free-born Subjects now are forc'd to bear  
 Loads, which more fit for backs of Camels are;  
 You well deserve the Fetters you do wear,  
 You under heavy Iron Shakes pine  
 Whose Fathers did in glorious Armour shine,  
 Thro' fields of Blood to Freedom cut their way,  
 And taught the proudest Tyrants to obey,  
 By me supported, potent Tyrants fell  
 A Sacrifice to their just Cause and Hell,  
 No more, no more their sacred Image stain,  
 No more their Names in your curst Race profane,  
 Let not their Offspring from Alliance have  
 Shakes were ne're the Trophies of the Brave;

They could wide Conquests, and just Honours boast,  
 But you, dull Slaves, have all your Freedom lost,  
 Where e're a Tyrant rais'd his impious Head,  
 Strait their bold Hands strook the damn'd Monster dead,  
 Had you a spark of ancient Honour left,  
 You should not long be of my Aid bereft,  
 My Claws are hard and sharp as e're they were,  
 As fit a Tyrant and his Rats to tear,  
 The Villains that support a Tyrant Crown,  
 This angry Tail will horribly sweep down,  
 Shake off your Fetters once, and you shall see,  
 I'll once more have you from curst Slavery.

She said, and away gallop'd again,  
 But in hopes they their Sense would recover again;  
 For a Doctor will never the Fatigue endure,  
 To heal such dull Block-heads, that don't love the Cure,

## F A B L E

### The Frogs Concern

A Generous Race of croaking Frogs,  
 Which lay entrenched in benighted Bogs,

Who

Who as the morning Sun did shine,  
 Daily encrease their stock divine;  
 Just as the Solar Influence begets  
 Prolifick spawn to Earth, was turn'd  
 Until the young ones had at length  
 An equal Vigor, equal Strength;  
 So numerous at length they grew,  
 They supplicate mightily for  
 A King and Governour they crave,  
 As other Beasts and Insects have;  
 But you allow'd all Moral Elves,  
 To chuse a Monarch for themselves  
 The Croaking Elders now consult  
 About a King, and the Result  
 Was, that a neighbouring Log should be  
 Executor of Monarchy  
 About the Log their Heads they raise,  
 In sounds uncouth they croak his praise  
 At length some crawl upon his Top,  
 And frisk about, and croak and hop  
 Says one Frog, Here's fine business done,  
 Was ere a King thus trampil'd one?  
 Troth, says another ancient Frog,  
 We'll ne'r be govern'd by a Log;  
 The heat at large so far arose,  
 They did the Loggerhead depose  
 To new Election they proceed,  
 And to their Hearts content succeed  
 A neighbouring Snake in length they chose,  
 Which shoud their Heats and Feuds compose  
 He took upon him the Command  
 Of all the People in the Land  
 But he was other than we had done,  
 Made it an Arbitrary Throne  
 Up from the Mud he rais'd his Throne,  
 And squere their Corps within his Skin  
 One Frog much wiser than the rest,  
 To shew about him thus he set

Large

Good

Good Friends, this is confounded work  
 Shall we be govern'd by a **Stork**  
 To have our Bones in pieces torn  
 Our young ones eat just as they **born**  
 As if Kings only had a Power  
 To ruin Subjects and devour  
 I think 'tis just to chuse again  
 The brood of **Frogs** all croak'd  
 The next they chose was a dull **Ass**  
 Which prov'd as bad as **either was**  
 For tho' he was not so malicious  
 His folly made him as pernicious  
 Scumbling on Empire, till he stood  
 Upon his Subjects choak in **Mud**  
 Whole beds of **Spaw** he did destroy  
 At every sounce did **Frogs** annoy  
 The Devil's in't, said one, for **us**  
 In chusing Kings, all wretched **us**

*Thus often we have chose a King  
 And still have found it the same thing.*

#### FA B. IV.

#### The Bees and the Dogget.

**A** Hive of Bees had plunder'd every Field  
 And ev'ry Herb and Weed on **Hony** field  
 Large Troops of Wings did spread they daily arm'd  
 Large as the **Flacks** that about the **swarm**  
 From distant Fields did come, **Bees** did come  
 Loaden with Sweets and **whom** **Hony** home  
 Blest with abundant Wealth in the **Swarm**  
 Beneath the Blessings of a **well** **Stock** **Hive**  
 But Wealth and **happiness** together go  
 And **Bees**, who rich do live and **honey** grow  
 Pamper'd with Food, they loath their happy **State**  
 And Changlings like, attempt to change their **State**

Large

Large Herds they saw, as they abroad did rove,  
 Govern'd by Monarchs, by the leave of Jove.  
 They *Jupiter* invoke, that also he  
 Would please to favour them with Monarchy.  
*Jove* from *Olympus* nodding gave consent,  
 And strait the *Bees* to an Election went.  
 An o'regrown *Hornet* in an Oaken-Tree,  
 Was what they choose, and must their Sovereign be:  
 For Bulk and Valour was elected King,  
 The greatest Warrior ever drew a Sting.  
 His Paunch more Hony still did bear away  
 Than ten strong *Bees* could gather in a Day.  
 But what was worse, he often would invite  
 His Family to dine and sup at Night:  
 His numerous Fav'rites did devour more  
 Than his small Regions ever saw before;  
 His lazy Drones did more Provision spoil,  
 Than is the product of a Summers toil.  
 The *Bees* thus robb'd of all their Hony, grieve;  
 'Tis Winter too, they know not how to live.  
 Their Monarch goes to rob another Swarm,  
 And there remain till Summer's heat shall warm.  
 The *Bees* bereav'd of all their Nourishment,  
 Their Wax decay'd, and all their Hony spent;  
 Around their Hive their Obsequies they sing,  
 Lament their Fortune, and they curse their King.

## F A B. V.

## The Lion and Fox.

**A** Youthful *Lion* in the Wood,  
 Of Bulk and Nature strong;  
 Still us'd to rav'ning and to blood,  
 And came to Empire young;  
 He too, as other Monarchs use,  
 New Methods did pursue



His Father's Fav'rites did refuse,  
And chose a set of new,  
He having lov'd, and us'd to gore;

An arbitrary sway,  
A base, a wild Despotick Pow'r,  
His Subjects must obey,  
But want of Brains do still attend

Unlimited Command:  
And therefore he would have some Friend  
Might Business understand.

There was a cunning Fox liv'd near,  
For many years had kill'd  
The neighbouring Lambs and Poultry there,  
With Bones his Kennel fill'd

He summon'd *Reynard* to appear,  
Next Night, at Council Board,  
Which *Reynard* did, and when was there,  
Look'd grave as any Lord.

The *Lion* told him he must be  
The chief Support of State,  
At which kind *Reynard* bow'd his Knee,  
And wish'd him better Fate.

O, says the *Lion*, thou art skill'd  
In Arbitrary Sway;  
Thou many Beasts and Fowls hast kill'd,  
To govern know'st the way.

Ask and I'll give thee any thing,  
Is in my Pow'r to give:

Thou shalt be next unto the King  
As long as I do live!

Quoth *Reynard*, make me then the Priest,  
I'll make all Beasts your Slaves:

The Body You, I Soul at least,  
Will tyrannize by halves.

Thus Fate did him to shalldom bring,  
Opprest just like a Beast

Red, spur'd, and whip'd by such a King,  
And eke so lewd a Priest.

F A B VI

The Weefils, Rats and Mice.

**A** Mighry Weefil of Renown,  
Well vers't in things of Sense,  
Was chosen King all o're the Town,  
Of all the Mice and Rats;  
His Coronation Day was come,  
And all the Grandees meet  
The Weefil in a gaudy Room,  
And bow beneath his Feet  
His Chair of State was Rind of Cheese,  
And o're his Royal Head  
Some Bacon swer'd in goodly guise,  
Like Canopy was spread,  
At length he walks and strolls about,  
Like any Lord or Duke;  
Sometimes he do's one Subject flout,  
And sometimes one rebuke;  
He calls an aged Rat aside,  
And ask'd him his advice,  
Whether a Project mayn't be try'd  
To ear up all the Mice;  
Ay, quoth the Rat, your Majesty  
May be well satisfy'd  
Mice haters are of Monarchy,  
And Regal State deride;  
The Rats and Weefils now devour  
The Mice in pious sort,  
They dye the Cellers with their Tare,  
And with their Bones they store  
At length the Mice are all destroy'd,  
The Weefils and the Rats  
Would other Food find out abroad,  
But that they fear'd the Can,

The

The Weefils now together plot,  
 How they the Rats may eat;  
 Provision must be daily got,  
 Kings must have sumptuous Meats.  
 The Rats now all do go to get  
 Some Bak'd, some Boil'd, some Roasted;  
 'Tis hop'd they had not this forgot  
 How they the Mice accosted.

Thus some Men oft by Tyrant Power,  
 Their Kindred, Subject Slaves draw  
 Do all the Villanies they dare  
 To prop a beastly Tyrant Throne;  
 Tho' others Blood the Tyrant All'd,  
 They must at length to's Fate yield;  
 Naught stops a Tyrant's Cause but Desolation,  
 Or else a modern Abdication.

## P A B. VII.

### Lubberland.

A Land there is, as Maps do tell,  
 (Tho' they describe it not right well)  
 Nor near the Hot nor Frigid Zone,  
 But Latitude of fifty one,  
 In Nature's plenty do's abound  
 With Fruits and Flocks is amply crown'd.  
 The Natives never are content  
 But with tyrannick Government  
 They Men resemble by their Faces,  
 But by their Backs resemble Ases.  
 For each is born with a great pack  
 A warlike Saddle on his Back,  
 Which do's adorn the parts of his  
 On neither parts they wear a Cripple,  
 Their Kings, as he doth by some  
 Do always jump down from above.

Arm'd Cap-a-pee with Boots and Spurs,  
 Just fit to mount such servile Curs:  
 With Hunting-Whips they daily maul 'em,  
 And with long rowl'd Spurs do gall 'em.  
 He only is the great *Bravado*,  
 Has most the Regal *Bastinado*,  
 They leap and jump, and frisk and skip,  
 And sing the Praises of the Whip:  
 They bear the Lash without bogging,  
 Extol the Royal Art of flogging,  
 With Blanker-Coat and wooden-Shoes,  
 The Man the Camel scarce out does.  
 Whilst Freeman feed on Dainties fine,  
 These do on Bread and Garlick dine;  
 And if they spend a *Son* in Wine,  
 The Health drank round must always be;  
 Their Kings applauded Tyranny;  
 Still let 'em be curs'd Slaves for me.

## F A B. VIII. A

## Fable and Birds.

**A** Hawk, that of Yore  
 Had long welred in Gore,  
 And many a Sparrow had kill'd  
 By the Birds she was told,  
 Now he was grown old,  
 He his number of Sins had full'd.

II.  
 No, said the old Hawk,  
 My Actions to balk  
 If you shall but once thus *complain*,

The

The Gods will avenge  
My Cause will revenge,  
I may murder ye *Jane Divine*.

## III.

The Gods, said the *Birds*,  
We'll not take their words;  
If they've gin you an Absolute Power,  
They've gin us a part,  
Is not worth a Far,  
While you have a Right to devour.

## IV.

The *Birds* all agreed,  
And thus 'twas decreed,  
That Slaves they no longer would be;  
They throtd' their King,  
Then sweetly did sing  
The Praises of free Liberty.

## F A B L E IX.

## The Owl and the Mice.

THE harmless *Mice* by Tyranny oppress,  
And by the *Owls* vast insolence distress,  
Came to a consult, where they did debate  
Of Means to save their yet declining State.  
Up stands a *Mouse* of generous noble Blood,  
Free from the Fears of the more slavish Brood;  
Says he, my Project, Sirs, I hope will take  
We'll tie a Bell about the *Owls* damn'd Neck;  
Thus when the Tyrant's Bell do's ever roll  
Each *Mouse* secures himself within his hold.  
At which a *Mouse* for Courage fam'd, arose,  
And did as follows to the rest propose;  
Brethren, says he, this Enterprize is vain,  
There is no end of this Tyrannick Reign,

As

As long as Owl, or any of his kind,  
 Shall here Dominion and an Empire find;  
 You may hang Balls about his Neck, but then  
 He pecks it off, and turns an Owl again.  
 Let's try for once, since our Condition's such,  
 What bold *Miscen Potentates* can do.  
 The only way to guard our Empire well,  
 Is both to rid our selves of Owl and Hell.  
 Thus we our State and Freedom shall repair,  
 And live as our Fore-fathers were.

### Neptune and the Fishes.

**N** Neptune the God of the Tempestuous Deep,  
 When's Brother Storm high in the Skins did creep,  
 Upon a Rock erected had his Throne;  
 His Chair of State was carv'd out of the Stone;  
 On either hand the lovely *Mermaids* sat,  
 The glittering Pageants of the Monarch's State;  
 The golden Tresses which their Heads adorn,  
 Dy'd with the yellow glittering of the Morn.  
 He shook his Trident when both far and near  
 His *Guard de Corps* of Tritons shook for fear.  
 One he commanded strait to go and tell  
 All Clans of Fish beneath the Surface dwell  
 That to his Court they presently repair,  
 Away the Triton bound as swift as Air.  
 The scaly Tribes in endless numbers flock  
 And rendezvous before the Royal Rock;  
 Neptune in State with the brink did go,  
 An view'd the numerous Shoals of Fish below.  
 Then pointing to the *Mermaids*, thus he said,  
 See there the lovely work the Gods have made,  
 By them and *Blackies* destin'd for my own;  
 The just Supporter of my *Imperial Throne*.

My Pleasure is, that every Part of Nature  
For them do every Day provide a Dish  
The best and wholesomest Food of every Year,  
And bring them every Day into the Court.  
Each Fish beneath the Surface downward darts  
But glide along with very heavy Pearls;  
In vain, says one, the heavenly Sun do's burn,  
Warm the vast Deep, and show to Fishes turn.  
The Gods its seem thus Neptune has empower'd,  
And we are born only to be devour'd;  
Our Off-spring still must pay their Parents Scores,  
Made for a Tyrant's Food, and Bawds and's Whores  
When vast lascivious Paunches spend always,  
More than the most sumptuous Banquets can raise,  
No more, said he, by my consent, we'll own  
A Tyrant's Empire, but abjure his Throne;  
The wary Tribes the Motion did approve;  
And to his Station every one did move.

F A B. XI.  
The Asylum.

THE Princes once did all combine,  
The Peoples Liberty to mine,  
Would make 'em right or wrong obey  
An absolute Despotick Sway;  
One Method, was to make us poor,  
By loading Taxes more and more;  
For when to Poverty Men fall,  
They easily are brought to thrall;  
And when their Spirit's sunk and gone,  
A Tyrant may lay vast Burthens on  
This did in some, in all it cou'd  
Not do: Some Men had better Blood,  
And tho' they could not mend their Fate  
They murmur'd at the Tyrant's hate;

H

Which

Which so incend'd the Tyrant's Ire,  
Some they condemn'd to rav'nous fire;  
Some were to slavish Gallies sent,  
Others in Fetters did lament.  
Some Men were strangl'd in their Beds,  
Others were hang'd, some lost their Heads;  
Some whipt till bleeding Backs were kill'd,  
The Lands with Tyranny were fill'd;  
But those whom better luck and hap  
Did favour with a wish'd escape,  
A City on Batavian Shoar,  
Did shelter from the Ills before;  
Where native Liberty do's thrive,  
And no curst Tyranny can live.  
Long live great City, Favourite of Heav'n,  
And never want those Blessings thou hast giv'n.



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A Dialogue between  
**Bow-Steeple DRAGON,**  
AND THE  
**Exchange GRASHOPPER.**

---



And Rob us of that life's-born liberty,  
You'd bind our souls, O monarch made free!

To which we have a right as our nation

My 2 sons then won't necessarily end

To worship God, within no walls but thine.

As if the President's other

# Ecloga e Patria

With brewed collagen of hen, brand 2 and V

Vanilla's Air and Space has a lot to offer.

## STAGGIE

It's our chance to make a difference.

Then, Henry is asked to enter Time 6: 14s

48 2100 2107 1140 110 110 2711 1300 310 1

Unmanned of the Great Britain

Whole Love Divine Love

To place each wrap:

Without regard to race, no district where

...the ... ..

...and the ...

of Goats and Wolves

### John and Buzz, the Revelations found.

in the... along with...

Defiance and the other prisoners who were

Where's the Love?

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rais'd her now to a Destructive high.

On the other hand, the

those Glories, which they never could have: T

Don't miss the **Don't Be a Dummy** (8-9 PM) show on TV

...a study of the... which... are... 16

Beacon, well as Fairbairn, makes manifest.

... ..

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

## The Scaly Body, and Aspiring Wings.

Thy furious Talloes, and thy frightful Scinge,

**Makes thee seem Monstrous to our milder Flock.**

Who Dreaded once, but now Disdains thy Yoke:

H 3.

**You'd**

You'd bind our Souls, b' Omnipotence made free,  
 And Rob us of that Heav'n-born Liberty,  
 To which we have a Right, as clear as day;  
 My Sons thou wou'dst unreasonably confine  
 To worship God, within no Walls but thine,  
 As if the Prayers from other Temples  
 Of fighting Souls, who faithfully  
 Were Scorn'd, and by repulsion backward driven,  
 Vanish'd in Air, and reach'd no Ear of Heaven;  
 Whose just Goodness, what our Prayers can reach,  
 If our sincere Repentance wants access,  
 Thro' Heav'n's respect to either Time, or Place?  
 Those measures but our own Projections be,  
 Unmind'd of the Great Rectitude,  
 Whose Love Divine moves round the Sinful Ball,  
 To Bless each wretch, who on his Merits call,  
 Without regard to Place, no matter where;  
 If the Heart's Cares, and the Mind's Sins  
 Our humble Guide, the great Example follow,  
 Who Pray'd and Princes in God's House,  
 Temples but Sacred from their use became,  
 Our Piety makes any Place the same;  
 Where e'er we are, Almighty's Name repairs  
 Omnipotence hath power to alter;  
 Besides, what avails it, if we pray  
 Our Prayers, by which all glory of Heaven flows,  
 To grant us His estimable Love,  
 When with true Zeal our Souls are mov'd,  
 Makes the Place Holy, wherever we pray.

**DISCOURSE**

Thou know'st I'm founded on a careless Rock,  
 Freed from the danger of an envious flock,  
 Scripture my Ball, my避难 I find,  
 Guarded by Lawful Power, on every hand.

Established by a National Council,  
 Preach Faith, and Charity, do  
 And for the Truth I Teach, as made manifest  
 Steadfast and Pure, from  
 Preserv'd from  
 Safe from your Pride, and  
 To humble  
 From my Communion, conscious to  
 With Heart uncover'd, or a  
 And think  
 Religion, like a Prince, long  
 By Power to punish, must be made secure  
 Or else your sinners, to Repentance given  
 Would quickly cut Ten Thousand Paths to Heaven  
 Could I from Faction's influence be free  
 And live undisturb'd, without  
 (But that, all thou art cruel, can never be)  
 Then Church, and State might happily unite  
 To Mankind's Safety, and to Heaven's Delight  
 But you, by Pride, are swell'd to such a Rage  
 (Fed by Vice of a Corrupted Age)  
 That now you strike, with Envy, at my Power  
 And aim it above my Sacred Head to tower  
 But all in vain  
 For that Blest Edifice can never drop  
 Which, when assail'd, good Heaven is still the prop  
 You say you have, or shall, where you should  
 A Field, a Coffee-Shop, or a Tavern, for  
 Are fit for Heavenly Worship, and for  
 Sacred, as unpoluted Temples  
 Rage Arrogance indeed, to vilify  
 To justify irreverence to a God that dotes  
 A Room where Men their common Lusts pursue  
 Drink, Swear, Lye, Cheat, all worldly business do  
 In Christian Nation, it's a sinful Place  
 To beg God's Presence, or expect His Grace  
 Whilst his sweet love, for Pity's sake, doth  
 To His Church, by our sinners, shall

Shall be Despis'd, and Unregard'd  
And cleave Patrick, or in the world  
Do do it thou shalt see in the world  
And fall at me for the world

If you, through the power of the Law  
From what the Law doth require  
A Law Force, and the Law doth require  
Such Power, and the Law doth require  
My Power, and the Law doth require  
To those who to my Law doth require  
Have us Power, and the Law doth require  
As to the Good Reward

The Scriptures whence I Teach contain  
What's Basse I Reche, and what's Hand Explain  
Vertue commend to Practice, Sin reprove  
Excite to Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love  
Obedience, Loyalty, and the like  
The use of what the Law doth require  
To be I advance, and what's Basse I reprove  
You can no more than this I do not reprove  
Then tell me what forage Power in the Law  
At first those Superstitious Persons  
From whence you reche the Law doth require  
Which makes you from my Temple the Law doth require

**Supper.**

Superstitious Rites, which you maintain  
And hold as Duties, which I think vain  
Look back upon your heathen Religion  
One part deriv'd of Rome's Idolatry  
From whose fustianick Customs you have  
Square Caps, low Bows, your Surplices, and your Lawn  
Proud Lany Prelates, with Phylloxera  
Who speak burby their half-brained Deeds  
Whose Junio Years as Trulls about the Church  
And seldom are to Wife, as those they Teach  
Your Mast-like Servant, with your nose Toon  
Of hum drus Organs, Fiddle Faddles, and Flutes

And  
LOA  
Your

(55)

Your high flow, and your high flow  
And please it, till you shall  
Then, upon your high flow  
These I dislike, from your high flow  
As quite repugnant to your high flow  
These are the things, from your high flow  
The Master, and your high flow  
These are the things, from your high flow  
Which, from your high flow  
And, from your high flow

**External Order** of the Church  
And raises it up, from your high flow  
Either, from your high flow, where we see  
Conscience, from your high flow, where we see  
And tend to a peculiar, from your high flow  
Or why did the Church, from your high flow  
From a dark Mass, from your high flow  
But that, from your high flow, where we see  
That, from your high flow, where we see  
From whence the light of Faith does first arise  
And makes our Reason, from your high flow  
For ev'ry wound, from your high flow  
Gives fresh Assurance, from your high flow  
And by its, from your high flow, where we see  
Humbles our Souls, and does Obedience draw  
By Natural means, to your high flow  
Therefore, from your high flow, where we see  
As best from humble, from your high flow  
And in my Sons, from your high flow, where we see  
How Insolent it looks, from your high flow  
T approach God's Presence, from your high flow  
Yet to a Great man, from your high flow, where we see  
And bare, before the, from your high flow, where we see  
Or at Devotion, from your high flow, where we see  
To humble, from your high flow, where we see

And





These bad Affections  
Serve, but as Bubbles, to swell the Bubble  
Why to Disturb in Speech, and in Flight  
You're but a Bubble, one as well as I  
Boast of, for a Bubble, one as well as I  
For Interest, you can be no more  
Where's Right, Dye, now, now, now, now  
The Bubble's once blown, now, now, now, now  
Where is your Love, now, now, now, now  
Sometimes to the Throne, sometimes to the Throne  
Sometimes to the Throne, sometimes to the Throne  
Thus it is, I say, now, now, now, now  
So many, now, now, now, now, now, now  
When the great Change, now, now, now, now  
Your Churches, Doctrine, and her Clergies, now  
Some Consecrations, now, now, now, now  
But all the Wise Shepherds, now, now, now, now  
And, like good Men, could blacken and unblack  
That sinking Row, for which before they pray'd

Scandal (as you are wont) I know you  
As the best Weapon, of Chance to life,  
Whether, on search, it will, or will be found  
No matter which, if you can make it wound  
But know my Armour's temper'd against Fate  
And much to hard, for you to penetrate  
The Iron Walls, my treasure'd Truths defend  
Reverb'rate all the poisonous Balls you send  
You charge me with the want of Loyalty  
That am the chief support of Monarchy

By

By my High Priest the Party apply  
By our Kings Reign, are Crown'd, and sanctify'd;  
I am on Earth their Saviour, and in their Guide.  
By me the Faction's Falshoods are suppress'd,  
Scatter'd by restless Rebels, to molest  
The happy Peace of a Federal Reign,  
Which I must envy, and some Fools malign,  
Duty to Kings I to the People owe,  
To Loyalty Entire, and to the Law,  
That all things in the Church be done,  
And him thereon be kept, till I am gone,  
What I will there, on Earth, or in the Air,  
Religious Graces, and the Holy Spirit,  
Vertues, I find, and have, and will have,  
But pray your Reason to be true, and true to me,  
Why now you from your Duty are so free,  
In happy days, when I was here, you were,  
When I was here, by you, who were,  
Then in your Awe, and I was here,  
Twas Damnable, the Devil of Hell to fall  
Within my Sacred Temple Walls, but now,  
What then you held to Dangerous, you Allow,  
If Once 'twas an Offence so great, we know  
(As you maintain'd, full Twenty Years ago)  
'Tis now the same, and Ever will be so.  
Why do the Grandees of your Learning Tribe,  
(Who from rank Dugs their prejudice imbibe)  
So curb their Malice, as conform of late,  
And with my Blacks, they now, Obedientiate,  
Off on a Sabbath's Mornings have I seen  
Rich Awful Squalls of a better Men,  
Cheat, flattery, and dissimulation, with the State,  
To be by Flattery, and Deceit made Great,  
Visit my Temples, and devoutly pray,  
And for their sins, now have Synagogue pray,  
Thus with my Worshippers, and I agree,  
And only Mimick, what they have to be,  
To climb unfairly to Authority.

Then

Then, by their own **Condemned Whimsies** led,  
 Whence the **Heaven** and **common** life are led,  
 There **have** the **Church** and **State** whence they came **Laid**

And true Religion, by an **Age** **bulled** and **led**,  
 Who **are** his **Cullies**, full of **Lawn**, and **Hump** and **T**  
 Stands **Gaping** like the **Bear** that **bears** the **Drum**,  
 Thus is the **After-noon** at **Morning** **led**.

The **Morning** in the **Open** of **Eden**,  
 Rare **pious** **Christians**, full of **Faith** and **Grace**,  
 To thus with **Heaven**, **admirable** for a **Place**,  
 And **pave** the **Soles** of **Angels** **Sunder** or **Mass**.

If I am **Right**, and **you** are **Wrong**,  
 Why do they not **Condemn** **you** **more**,  
 If **you** are **Right**, and **you** are **Wrong**,  
 Why not **alone** **Condemn** **you** **more**,  
 Those who **are** **Right**, and **you** are **Wrong**,  
 Are **just** to **stand**, by **their** **Right** and **Wrong**,  
 But **plung'd** between **two** **Claws**, so **Creeping** **Wrong**,  
 Err with the **Wrong**, and **lose** the **Right** **Defect**.

### Conclusion

If you make **Laws** to **displeasure** my **pure** **Light**,  
 And **rob** my **Sons** of **what's** their **native** **Right**,  
 The **State** is **not** **their**, nor **you** are **the** **blame**,  
 The **Cunning's** on **their** **Side**, **on** your **the** **blame**,  
 Why not by **Birth**, and **Christ's** **Knowledge** **led**,  
 To **Riches**, **Honour**, and **Authority** **led**,  
 Why must these **Worthy** **Children** **not** **be** **led**,  
 On **your** **Sides** **and** **all** **Power** **and** **Place** **led**,  
 Why may not **mine** as **well** **assist** the **State**,  
 And **as** **great** **Attorneys** **prove** **fortunate** **State**,  
 If **you** such **Laws** **make** **that** **Power** **possess**,  
 As **prove** a **hindrance** to **our** **happiness**,  
 How can **you** **justly** **blame** **us** **as** **evils**,  
 And **leap** o'er **all** the **Stumbling-blocks** **you've** **laid**

If you seek but to our Freedom make  
 As Oaths, and Sacraments, for your own sake  
 It is no crime in us, the cause is weak or strong  
 If you, attempt, thro' Pride, to keep us low,  
 And we thro' Contumacy, your designs overthrow  
 Call it not Coveting Heaven, but our winning you

**On a Person**  
 No Love can such foul Principles restrain,  
 No force can bind you, Love's a Golden Chain

Int'rest I find is the prevailing Power,  
 Makes you approve, condemn, commend, or deter,  
 Oppose the Right, or the Wrong, and you will find  
 Int'rest, from this, made your sole Guide and Mind  
 And become Rival to the Church and State's desire,  
 Int'rest disposed you will the Laws, and Justice  
 Improved to Bloody, and Damnable Wars, and  
 Wherein being flatter'd with unjust success,  
 Tramp'd on Merit, spit in Virtue's Face,  
 Riffled the Throne, and shak'd the Judgment seat,  
 With Crimes too black, and dreadful to repeat;

As if to you, Omnipotence had given,  
 A Sanguine for a Highway to Heaven

Still are you thus, though with a wild ambition  
 Aiming to gain that Pow'r above, justly condemn'd  
 At all life's cost, but in the way to Heaven  
 Heaving and shoving, gain the Publick Good  
 On all Passions, Passions, Passions, Passions  
 Squall, Bawl, and Justice, all their Breaths are spent  
 Kick, Cuff, and Scold, and all the rest of the Law  
 Tongues, Feet, and Arms, all working for the Cause  
 To raise some Manger, Dealings of their own  
 Faction in whose peevish looks is shown  
 Rich by meer Chance, or Fraud, not Great by merit

Who

Who can Lye, *Cur.* Dissemble, or Forswear,  
 Declaim against, or hear the Common Prayer;  
 Thro' all Opinions halt, to Lamely reach the Chair;  
 Who can his Conscience, to his Interest mould,  
 Run with the Court, or with the City hold,  
 And without shame, can true Reflections Face,  
 Or bear all Scandal, with a comely Grace.  
 And will his Pow'r beyond just bounds extend,  
 To injure Foes, or to advance a Friend;  
 Or any thing will do to serve a Faction's End.  
 These are the worthy *Dalls*, your Sons advance,  
 By their false Poles, and double Diligence.  
 These are the Men of merit, they provide,  
 To Row, and Toe, against the Wind and Tide;  
 Who in Tempestuous Discords, they create,  
 Shall quite repugnant to the Church and State:  
 Yet to such outward Godliness seem bent,  
 To Church they'll come, tho' in their Hearts Dissent  
 But for no Faith, will either Hang or Starve,  
 Both God and Mammon, for advancement serve;  
 Thus seasonably comply, or in fit times can swerve.  
 If such unsteddy Rovers bear Command,  
 Whilst Men of worth, shall unregarded stand,  
 By Law, and Nature Qualifi'd for Trust,  
 To something fix'd, and known in all things Just.  
 If Men like these, shall be by Fraud pur by,  
 And yield their Rights to the Pedantic Fry;  
 England must soon from all her Greatness fall,  
 And mourn her Ancient Glories Funeral.  
 Which Heaven prevent—  
 And ( that she may once more her Grandure boast )  
 Retrieve her Vertues, now so nearly lost;  
 And from all Faction's Quarrels, and Despights,  
 Preserve the *King, Church, Nation, and our Rights*;  
 That in one Faith, we may United be,  
 And accord sweetly, in just Harmony.

FINIS.